

THE LIVING AGE.

EIGHTH SERIES }
VOL. V }

No. 3792 March 10, 1917

{ FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CXXCII }

CONTENTS

| | | |
|---|------------------------------|-----|
| I. No Peace without Victory. <i>By C. E. Mallet</i> | NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER | 579 |
| II. The Cabinet Revolution. <i>By Sidney Low</i> | FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW | 587 |
| III. Two's Two. Chapter VI. The Story Continued. Chapter VII. Archibald and the Moon. <i>By J. Storer Clouston.</i> (To be continued) | BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE | 597 |
| IV. Immortality and Christian Belief. <i>By Rev. J. Gamble</i> | QUARTERLY REVIEW | 602 |
| V. The Centenary of "Old Mortality" | TIMES | 612 |
| VI. "The White Hart" <i>By S. G. Tallentyre.</i> (To be concluded) | CORNHILL MAGAZINE | 617 |
| VII. Over-Eating. <i>By Lens</i> | NEW STATESMAN | 624 |
| VIII. The French Schoolmaster After the War. <i>By Rowland Strong</i> | OUTLOOK | 627 |
| IX. The German Menace to North and South America. <i>By Edward Perry</i> | CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL | 629 |
| X. A Turning-Point in History | TIMES | 635 |
| XI. The Tipinbanola. <i>By R. C. Lehmann</i> | PUNCH | 637 |
| A PAGE OF VERSE. | | |
| XII. Garden Song. <i>By James A. Mackereth</i> | | 578 |
| XIII. Fear. <i>By Theodore Maynard</i> | NEW WITNESS | 578 |
| XIV. Humility. <i>By Gilbert Thomas</i> | | 578 |
| BOOKS AND AUTHORS | | 639 |



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

GARDEN SONG.

I have a garden rich in peace,
A place of shy umbrageous hours,
Where thought from futile strife may
cease

And rove a lover among flowers.

Bees boom about the quiet lawn
In fragrant depths of floral dusk;
And like shy fancies half-withdrawn
Creep scents of marjoram and musk.

And calmly there the blossom blows
All virgin to the quiet skies;
And calmly there the wilding rose
Woos summer with a thousand eyes.

And there my spirit, like a bird
Embowered with branches, sits and
sings
To stillness by the cuckoo stirred
Or rippled by the linnet's wings.

At whiles I hear with pleasing plaint
Some lapwing down the moorland
hie,
Some skylark like an aureoled saint
Sing in his chantry in the sky.

Few troubles of the world can sail
Across the leagues of drowsy grass;
But, silver-feathered on the gale,
The gipsy cloudlets, idling, pass.

There quiet hath a deeper birth,
And solitude a vaster thought;
There all the wonder of the earth
Is lyric in the throstle's throat.

And there at loitering evening bright
To nestle in that pensive bound
Comes shadow like the ghost of light,
And silence like the soul of sound.

And thither drifts the landrail's cry
Of lonesomeness from the moonlit leas
When midnight's muted worlds go by
Above my solemn garden trees.

Oh, mine a garden shy as love:
A spirit gleams in every place;
It be lonesome me where'er I move
With beauty like a lover's face;

And there my heart in wise employ,
Beyond the temporal world's control,
Doth foster in a feeling joy
A sentence of the general soul.

Oh, like some happy bird am I
That's nested far from proud distress,
Whose sheltering roof the starry sky,
Whose shield the leafy wilderness.
James A. Mackereth.

FEAR.

Tread softly; we are on enchanted
ground:

One touch and every hidden thing
lies bare,

The deep sea sundered, suddenly un-
bound

The awful thunders instinct in the
air!

Oh, these we know; but what if we
should break

A secret spell as easily as glass,
And stumble on their sleeping wrath
and wake

The armies and the million blades
of grass?

And find more dread than whirlwinds
round our head

The sweep of sparrows' fierce,
avenging wings,
The anger of wild roses burning red,
The terrible hate of earth's most
helpless things?

Theodore Maynard.

The New Witness.

HUMILITY.

She walks not with uncertain gait,
Nor hangs her head in shame.
She knows her strength, if small or
great,
And honors her own name.

She kneels before no image rude.
God is her only law.
Her altar is Infinitude,
And there she bows in awe.

Gilbert Thomas.

NO PEACE WITHOUT VICTORY.

Whatever view Englishmen may take of President Wilson's policy and language, no one can question his high sincerity, his noble idealism, his honorable aims. The "principles of mankind," for which he pleads so finely, are principles to which lovers of freedom in every land will be anxious to subscribe. But many will regret that his last appeal is founded on an implication to which more than half Europe must refuse assent. Peace without victory is a contradiction in terms. The Allies do not propose, and never have proposed, to crush the German people or to destroy the German State. But it is their fixed determination to crush, if possible, the system and the spirit of the Prussian military caste, which forced this War on Europe, and which, unless crushed, will at the first favorable moment force war upon the world again. If there is any misunderstanding on that point still, it may be worth while to restate the reasons why this year we are called on for a military effort exceeding anything that we have done before.

The third autumn of the War has closed under conditions which, from the military standpoint, show no decision in our favor yet. We stand as a nation higher, perhaps, than we ever stood before. We know that we cannot be conquered. Each month that passes justifies more deeply our pride in our new armies, in the old renown of our Fleet, in the untiring energies of our workmen, in the unquenchable spirit of our people. But, on the other hand, our task is unachieved. The little nations whom we set out to deliver are still trampled under foot. Great tracts of Russia, France, Roumania lie at the invader's mercy, and we need no long memories

to remind us what that mercy means. From the Meuse to the Tigris, Germany still rules supreme. Four kings allied with us have been driven from their dominions. A fifth has mocked at our weakness and persecuted our friends. In spite of the pressure of our blockade and of our victories, in spite of her own failures in the Trentino and at Verdun, Germany has still found the means to keep her conquests, to snatch fresh spoils on land and sea. The ramshackle Empire still holds together, holds most of Serbia, Montenegro and Albania too. And while we wait for the exhaustion of our enemies, and grumble with good reason at the mud upon the Somme, and wonder whether any real necessity compels us to accept defeat or ineffective action in the East, the toll of millions rises daily, the strain on our Allies, ourselves and the whole neutral world grows worse; and Germany, taking full advantage of the situation, has produced and will do her utmost to ventilate and advertise her own proposals for a premature and dangerous peace.

On our side, and not among neutral nations only, many are drawn towards that vision of peace. They feel, as all must feel, the cruel waste and suffering, the long-sustained agony which seems to lead to no result, and they assure themselves that these generous instincts weigh as heavily with the German Government today. There are Englishmen of conscience and of courage who have never concealed their opposition to the War, or their desire at the first opportunity to end it. There are men who criticised, perhaps with justice, the policy which went before the War, and who, in face of a devastated Europe, will not look beyond that grievance now.

There are men who draw no lessons from the experience and revelations of the last thirty months, who still credit the present masters of Germany with the traditional good qualities of the German people, who still believe with pathetic innocence in all that Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg says, and read their own hopes and illusions into all that he astutely leaves unsaid, who still persuade themselves that the heroes of Zabern in their moment of triumph may be induced to adopt the faith of Mr. Ford. There are others, happy optimists, so convinced of Germany's exhaustion, that they believe that the military autocrats who rule her are already willing to surrender their conquests, and to enter into any guarantees that we may ask of them for disarmament and arbitration in international disputes. There are others yet in larger numbers who, having prophesied the speedy ruin of Germany's resources ever since the War began, are still content to wait in patience till the collapse so long foretold occurs, to hope for the best from every disappointment, to anticipate activity from every fresh delay. And there are some, not without weight in council and certainly not without devotion to their country, who are beginning to face the possibility of an indecisive war, and to ask whether it might not be best for the future of Europe if all ideas of revenge or punishment were set aside, and the balance between the combatants left so even that none should carry away bitter recollections, and thus be tempted to begin again. If peace were to be made tomorrow, it would be attributable mainly to compassionate counsels such as these, with their apparent reasonableness in a world of unreason, their strong appeal to neutrals whose interests war must disregard, their dim hope of a better world to be established,

without the bitter toll of effort and endurance by which alone the lasting victories of mankind are won.

It may be well to realize these voices, for twelve months hence, were the situation not radically altered, it would not be possible to ignore them as we can today. But there is little danger of their prevailing now. Most Englishmen, who love peace only less obstinately than freedom, are quite unable to persuade themselves that German peace proposals at this juncture are anything but vain. To most of us it is frankly incredible that the German Staff, who are masters of half Europe, with their armies unbroken and five conquered capitals at their feet, should be prepared as yet to yield even the minimum that the Allies must ask. Can von Hindenburg and von Mackensen be in the mood to accept a settlement founded on arbitration as an alternative to war? Is there any real evidence that the German Chancellor is better able than he was in 1914 to control the insolent aggressive policy of the War Machine from whom his orders come? Is the Emperor who set Europe ablaze prepared to abandon his dream of ambition, to confess to his subjects that he has no compensation to offer them for the lives and fortunes squandered at his call? Can demands like that of the German Navy League for the annexation of the coast of Flanders be regarded as of no account? Are the Junker influences and the commercial leaders, who plunged so lightly into the great gamble, convinced as yet that they are losers and must pay? No one questions that the German people are weary of privation and that peace talk is as popular in German circles as the conviction of their own success. But can anyone who seriously considers the strength of the German Government, or the tenacity of the

German character, doubt that the peace which all alike are contemplating is a peace based on the results of war? It is not only Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, a master of equivocation when he chooses, who speaks plainly enough of "the basis of the war-map." It is not only the organ of the industrial magnates of the Rhine that regards "the military situation" as the foundation of any settlement to come. There is not a shred of proof that any man in power in Germany has yet adopted or dare acknowledge any other view. And indeed Germany is not singular in thinking that the first essential of successful negotiation is and always must be victory in the field.

What, so far as the omens indicate, is the peace which Germany has in mind? She made the War for two main objects, first to secure her hold upon the Balkans and on the Ottoman lands beyond, which the events of 1912-13 had seemed to imperil, and secondly, to break the Franco-Russian alliance, which she regarded as a menace to her plans. For years she had been building up her influence in Turkey and in the lesser Balkan States, while our Foreign Office, starting with great advantages, had allowed itself in each case to be steadily displaced. It is becoming daily clearer that Germany's Eastern ambitions formed her chief motive in declaring war, and constitute at this moment her chief hope of deriving profit from it. Austria, Bulgaria, Turkey were to be welded securely into the framework of the system which takes its orders from Berlin. Their great economic and military resources were to be placed at Prussia's disposal, and organized as Prussia might dictate. Russia and France were to be taught by a few swift victories that they had no power to interfere with this or any other German scheme. When beaten,

Russia was to be forced to give up Poland as a buffer State to guard the East, and very possibly to compensate Austria for large concessions to the Fatherland upon the West. France was to be forced to give up her Colonies, and probably some of the rich industrial districts which Germany occupies today. But the main object was always mastery in the East, with the great possibilities of Empire which it offered, and the vast field for development and for commercial profit which it assured.

These aims Germany, in spite of some fluctuations in her forecast, in spite of some rebuffs and disappointments, has steadily pursued. Her plan for crushing France broke down, but it has left French territory in German occupation. Her plan for crushing Russia failed, but it has left Poland in the German grasp. And all the while in the Balkans the other schemes went on and prospered, and to this moment those ambitions stand. Germany does not mean, if she can help it, to give up both Poland and Belgium at the peace. Last summer she was working hard for a separate peace with Russia. Had she gained that, Poland might have been relinquished, but in that case she would have clung tenaciously to her gains upon the West. Today, foiled by Russian loyalty, she might surrender Belgium and the occupied territory in France, if the Allies would leave her Poland and persuade Russia to accept Armenia instead. But even if things go badly and both Poland and Belgium have to be restored in the end, Germany still counts on retaining her hold upon the East. Whether the War goes for her or against her, she expects to find her compensation there. Let the Allies force her, if they can, to make reparation in the North of Europe, and to acquiesce in minor losses over

sea. Even then, with a group of great dependent States about her, containing some of the fairest undeveloped districts in the world, she hopes to dominate Central Europe and all the waters of the nearer East, to carry her system into the heart of Asia, and to achieve, in spite of local and temporary failures, her most important object in precipitating war.

To defeat these plans, not in the West or on the Russian frontier only, but in the East as well, we need, it is submitted, even now, a greater effort than any we have made. We cannot afford to leave too much to our Allies. We must not sacrifice West to East or East to West. We have got to find the means, whatever the difficulties, to act strongly and decisively where we act at all. The West must have every man and gun that it can use effectively; that is an axiom. But the East need not be starved on that account. After all, whether we like it or not, we have interests in the East with which no other European nation's can compare. We have a great military Empire in Asia, which has shown itself splendidly loyal, but which has as yet put forth no effort at all comparable to its reserves of power, and which indeed of late has been responsible for little but the grave miscarriage of an inadequate design. One likes to think that, before these lines are printed, that miscarriage may very possibly have been wiped out. We have in Egypt another great dominion packed for months together with British troops. But we have been content there, as so often elsewhere, to stand on the defensive, while the German armies career over Europe, and to congratulate ourselves if we throw back without difficulty a division or less of Turks from the Canal. We have a command of sea-power in the Mediterranean such as no nation, no Alliance, ever

had before. But we have so far failed to use it to strike any effective or overwhelming blow against a vast extent of enemy seacoast. We have carried an army to Gallipoli and carried it back again, only to be thankful that we have got away. We have carried another army to Salonika, planted it in a situation full of difficulties on every side, and then made it clear to ourselves and to our enemies that nothing much can be expected of it. Is it any wonder that Turkey boasts that she has beaten us, and that even the Greek Government has treated us with something like contempt? "The English are so fond of games," said a cynical observer bitterly, "that they cannot resist the temptation of playing at war." And the taunt, though cheap, has a certain sting in it for those who have watched our operations in the East.

It is difficult to defend half-measures of this nature, which carry the seeds of their own failure in them. If our leaders who direct the War decided after full consideration that, consistently with our obligations in France, we had not the resources, the ships or guns or men, to act with vigor in the East as well, such a decision would be loyally accepted, whatever loss of influence or of prestige it might involve. But it cannot be right to keep two minds upon the subject, while the enemy, counting on our irresolution, strikes with effect wherever the Allies are weak. The one old rule in war which has survived all changes, is to make up your mind clearly where you mean to strike, to choose, if possible, a spot where the enemy does not expect you and, when you have decided, to strike home. But it would not be easy to show that, in the East at any rate, we have acted successfully on this rule as yet. Indeed it is hardly too much to say

that, had a malign power designed our Eastern operations with the intention that our vast effort should be frittered away without adequate result, he could hardly have devised a strategy more completely adapted to that end.

The explanation sometimes offered for what has happened is twofold, first, that the civilians have overborne the military experts, secondly, that victory in the East on our part is incompatible with victory in the West, and that energy thrown into one campaign necessarily means slackness or inactivity in the other. No two antitheses could be more inaccurate, and none could be more dangerous were they true. But neither view will bear examination. In the first place there has never been a war in English history in which expert military opinion had more weight, or in which, whenever it expressed itself definitely, civilians were more thankful to accept it. In the second place it is generally misleading to talk of military opinion as a whole at all. There are many able soldiers and sailors with varying and sometimes conflicting views. There are different schools of opinion, represented by writers each of whom naturally endeavors to convey the impression that his own view is the authentic thing. Among our Allies there are just the same differences between experts as there are elsewhere. In Germany, as we know, there is a professional Staff of great ability, at least as much divided as our experts on this very question of the proper value to be attached to the various theatres of war. But without military opinion to depend on no Government can act. There is expert opinion of experience and value behind every step which has been taken in the War, behind not only those in which we have succeeded but those in which

we have failed. Even in days when we owe to our soldiers a debt which no words can express, it is fair to remember that it is not only civilians who are fallible, in a problem so vast that few human beings could altogether avoid mistakes. For errors as well as for triumphs of judgment, for avoidable and unavoidable delays and waste, for the methods of recruiting, for the supply of munitions, for the refusal to build a railway up the Tigris till repeated failure made the necessity clear, for the choice, inevitable perhaps, of a scene for our fine offensive in France where the nature of the soil makes victories hardly possible except for a few months in the year, for the policy which still locks up in England armies large enough to turn the scale elsewhere, for the whole conduct of operations in the field, military opinion would be the last to refuse to take its share of criticism as well as its due meed of praise. To suggest rivalries between soldiers and civilians, to try to fix the blame on either as a class when things go wrong, would be as ungenerous as it is absurd. Both have been working under new and terribly difficult conditions at a problem extraordinarily hard. Both, in spite of some mistakes and disappointments, have achieved extraordinary results, full of astonishment to the few who doubted, full of deep pride to all who believed in, the undimmed, undaunted genius of our people.

But the recognition of this fact does not lessen the necessity which lies upon our Government today to use to the full the powers committed to them for forcing the pace until victory is achieved. On them rests the grave responsibility of choosing the instruments needed for this end. They alone can decide between divergent military opinions. There is only one aim to be considered, the attain-

ment within the shortest possible period of a decisive victory in the field; and no personal claims, whether of statesmen, soldiers, sailors, or administrators, must weigh in the balance against the nation's need. The French Government have with startling boldness changed their supreme command upon the Western front. They have recalled to Paris a General to whose character and genius France owes a debt no nation can repay, because even his inflexible patience has not within the last two years gained the results that his country requires. It may be that those results are not procurable at all. But they feel that men responsible to the nation in a crisis so urgent and supreme must leave no means of securing them untried. In the same way it might be the duty of our Government, if in one field or another we failed to make the progress that we need, to change their methods, to vary their points of attack, even to avail themselves of other men; and in such decisions, if they were called for—and they would never be taken lightly—neither discredit nor ingratitude would be involved. The one peremptory obligation is to drift no more. It would be folly to ignore the danger that lies in every month's delay, worse than folly to build our hopes upon a waiting game alone. For we are not only fighting against Germany; to an extent which we have never yet admitted we are also fighting against time.

Many Englishmen who are by no means pessimists have been asking themselves lately whether we may not have comforted ourselves too long with the illusion that time was necessarily upon our side. We know that our reserves of power are greater far than those of the enemy. We know that our armies are still steadily increasing in skill, in numbers, training

and moral. We know that our blockade is causing the enemy privations which are clearly very serious, and which may be even more serious than we have dared to hope. And some of our rulers have perhaps been tempted to think that under these circumstances steadiness and patience were the chief qualities required, and that if we only persevered and waited, the ripe fruit of victory would drop into our mouths. But on the other hand indications are increasing that, in spite of these advantages, we cannot afford to wait too long. It is vain to assume that we have years before us, and that time has no bearing on our task. No nation can stand for very much longer the strain that this titanic struggle imposes upon all. Even if we could bear it indefinitely, our Allies could not. Financial considerations seem superficially to count for strangely little. But they cannot safely be ignored. Not even the richest of nations can continue for years together to spend five or six millions every day—least of all, a nation which must maintain its foreign credit because it depends on others for supplies. If we ruined our credit abroad it would be poor consolation that we had driven Germany and Austria to do the same; for they at the worst can get on for a time without it; we cannot. And even more serious than the question of money is the question of food. It is not only the Central Powers who see the specter of want approaching, though in our case, happily, its shadow is still far away. Cut off as we are from the harvests of Russia, unable in days when ships are short and submarines ubiquitous to depend too largely on the harvests of Australia, of India, of the Argentine, Mr. Prothero's comparison of us to a beleaguered city is not so far from reality as we should like to think. A single bad harvest in America. an embargo on

food supplies from the United States, would bring us face to face with the ugliest problem we have yet had to solve. America is already growing anxious about her rising prices, about the ever-increasing shortage in the food production of the world. Many Americans are not making money, but are suffering serious inconvenience from the War, and many more care little for the politics of Europe, while they care a great deal for their ideals of peace. That is the gravest issue behind Mr. Wilson's words. For the present we may hope to allay these anxieties, to postpone any dangerous action on the part of the United States. But twelve months hence, if the issues in Europe were undecided, the German armies unbroken, the lands of the Allies invaded still, and if America then insisted on a compromise, and backed her insistence by cutting off supplies of raw material and food alike, who dare say that we should find it possible to go on?

These are no pacifist arguments. Far from it! But they are a plea for stronger and more rapid action wherever movement can possibly be made, a reminder that, for all our staying power, we cannot afford to go slowly or to count on unlimited time. From the beginning the bane of the Alliance has been that it has always undervalued the enemy and always been too late. If we cannot win decisive victories before twelve months are over, we may have little opportunity of winning them at all. But in trench warfare twelve months are a very little time. We have been for many months now hammering at the German lines in France with all the force that a splendid army and abundant munitionment could bring to bear. And our fine work has told, more deeply even than results may show. But the decision we need has not yet been attained. If for several months out

of the twelve, the nature of the soil in France forbids us to count upon advances, it is no treason to the Western front to strike hard in other directions, where the same conditions do not hold us up. No wise man will under-rate the difficulties. No wise man would for a moment sacrifice or imperil our chances in the West. But there is probably a limit to the numbers which we can use there in the next twelve months, and many competent judges believe that, if we know how to make the most of our resources, we are capable of playing for more than stalemate in the East as well. Can it be necessary to surrender all hope of striking at Bulgaria or Turkey one blow that really tells? It may be that such blows are in preparation now, and every Englishman will welcome them if they show something comparable in effectiveness to the blows which Germany seems able to strike still. But if such blows are to be struck there is no time to lose. Twelve months hence it would profit us little, if a deadlock in France produced disillusionment and peace, that we had conquered Kut or retaken El Arish, or crossed the Struma, or maintained King Constantine's throne, that we had great forces collected in Egypt to defend a frontier which no enemy seriously threatened, or still greater forces stored up in this country to guard against invaders who never meant to come. Our chief perplexity since the War began has been not how to get men, but how to use to the full the men we have got. And that is the perplexity which haunts us still. But decisions to affect the issue must be taken very quickly, for another year of inconclusive warfare is only too likely to mean an inconclusive peace.

It is strange that any man, whether English or American, who values freedom should fail to see the danger

of a peace which would leave the German armies still unbroken and the prestige of their military chiefs supreme. It is possible to contend that England ought never to have gone into the War at all. But it is impossible to contend that, having gone into it, she should withdraw from it baffled, with all that she stands for unachieved. If there be any people in these islands who detest militarism and all its ways, who believe that nationality and liberty are not catchwords but live and sacred things, who hold democracy to be an ideal of government which with all its faults offers better security than any other for the free and peaceful progress of mankind, these are the people whom one would expect to fight to the last point of endurance against any compromise with the German military caste. An indecisive peace means for this country a future of military effort, financial strain and economic war, a lasting bitterness of distrust and apprehension, a certainty of the renewal of the struggle, which no Englishman can view without dismay; and from a narrower standpoint it leaves the field clear for conscription, for protection, for a future of organized international ill-will, for every ideal that is repugnant to a pacific State. An unbeaten bully cannot be made into a friend. It is not a question whether Germany should secure Poland, or Russia Constantinople, or France Alsace-Lorraine. It is not a question of the balance of power, though that much-abused phrase had once some solid foundation in the successful efforts made by Englishmen for generations to prevent Spain or France or any single military State from dominating Europe. It is not even a question of punishing Germany for calculated crimes against humanity and honor, though it would be hard to forego the retribution they deserve. It is a question whether her system or

our system, her ideal or our ideal, is to prevail for the next generation in the government of the world. We are fighting to teach the people of Germany that military force alone is not a safe thing to rely on, that the brutal and aggressive methods of their rulers do not pay. The Sovereigns of Central Europe are fighting now less for conquest than to save themselves. They have begun to be afraid of their own subjects. Their ideal is at stake—an autocracy built upon ruthless force, a centralized and practically despotic State, depending on its guns, its discipline, its highly organized machinery, its skilfully calculated appeal to economic interests and material ends, while fooling the people and holding them at bay. It is that ideal which we hope to shatter; for so long as the Germans believe in it there will be no lasting peace for Europe. If the German Staff emerge from the struggle even partially successful, with their great machine unbroken and their armies undefeated in the field, if they are able to convince their own people that that machine alone has saved them from destruction, has kept the War beyond their borders, the invader from their soil, they will remain the masters of the State. Mr. Wilson's exhortations will fall upon deaf ears. And Europe will live in the sure apprehension that, foiled for once not by military failure but only by political miscalculations, the German Staff will try again.

Who can doubt that a far-sighted autocracy, whose military ascendancy remained unshaken by this War, might one day find a moment, when the Allies arrayed against it were less perfectly agreed, to revive its unsatisfied dream of ambition? Who can believe that the German Staff, if they emerged unbeaten, would allow the German Government to give any guarantee worth having for peaceful

arbitration in the future? The ruling caste in Germany is a caste which enthrones and idealizes war; and no temporary check, however costly, will make strong men relinquish their ideals. If we wish to make Germany contribute hereafter to the peaceful development of Europe, we must prove to her that war may mean defeat, we must find the means to destroy forever the credit of the men who have led her lightly into it, we must enable the masses of the German people to take out of their hands the government of the State. No one

The Nineteenth Century and After.

can persuade himself that that will prove an easy task. But it is the only course which our duty in the present and our security for the future will allow. And if from too little faith or vision we faltered now, when the possibility of achieving our purpose seems dimly to be coming into sight, and consented to an inconclusive compromise with the most dangerous forces that the modern world has seen, we should be guilty of treason to ourselves and our children, to every friend of liberty in Europe, and to every hope of an enduring peace.

C. E. Mallet.

THE CABINET REVOLUTION.

The formation of the Lloyd George Ministry in the first week of December, 1916, may be the beginning of a new phase—we hope it will be the final phase—in the world-war, and if so it will mark an epoch in world-history. In the light of these vast possibilities comparatively little attention was bestowed upon its constitutional aspects. We were too absorbed in foreign and military policy to notice that we were inaugurating or consummating a revolution, nor do many of us even now recognize quite clearly the magnitude of the changes made when the "War Cabinet" was formed.

Historians of the future may extract their true significance from the hurrying events that now whirl by us like dead leaves before the autumn blast. We ourselves, caught in the grasp of an overwhelming destiny, have no thought for anything but the dire needs of the moment. To win the war is the one supreme task before us, and any measures that seem likely to lead to that end must be accepted with small regard to their ultimate consequences. If success can be promoted by changing the constitution, then let the constitution be

changed; we would suspend it, as we have already suspended some of its age-long and most cherished guarantees, if that seemed likely to bring victory nearer. Often have nations in war submitted to a dictatorship, and we, too, are not far from the frame of mind in which we would commit our affairs to a dictator if we thought we could not defeat the Germans without him. So when Mr. Lloyd George established not a Dictatorship, but a Directory, we were little disposed to scrutinize his proceedings closely from the constitutional point of view. The sole question that interests us is whether the "War Cabinet" is more capable than its predecessor of leading us to victory. We believe it is; and so we are well satisfied with it, though it is based upon such innovations, such fundamental changes, in our higher administration as would have caused us months of debate and controversy in less preoccupied times.

The changes, the innovations, are more than justified if they achieve their immediate results. It would be pedantry to sacrifice one single advantage in the life-and-death struggle

in which we are involved from any such motives as tenderness for the conventions of the constitution or respect for precedent. One might as well expect a general in a besieged city to consider whether he is violating the local by-laws. The War Cabinet has been created to deal with unparalleled emergencies, and its competence to perform its task is deemed, and rightly deemed, the sole and final test of its character. If it could not be constructed, and clothed with the requisite powers, without a revolution, so be it. Better revolution than defeat: even if the revolution were sheer retrogression, which is not the case here. The older British Cabinet system was not so perfect that the transition to Mr. Lloyd George's New Model—whether this is to be permanent or meant only to serve passing exigencies—need be regarded with unqualified regret.

But a revolution it is, though a silent and peaceful one. To estimate its magnitude we have only to recall the main characteristics of the British Cabinet system, according to the conventions and practices of the constitution, and the opinion of authoritative critics, before August, 1914. Let us take the points severally:—

1. *The Cabinet as the Ministry.*—This was an organic attribute. For two centuries the Cabinet has been composed of persons who were ministers in the older sense of the word, "the King's servants," the group of high officers of state who presided over the great departments of the public service. They were, in fact, what they were often called, "the Administration"; being technically, and in law, only selected members of the Privy Council, to whom certain important executive functions had been delegated, meeting to confer upon the discharge of their official duties. They were essentially de-

partmental ministers; they held the seals of office, unlike the "Lords of the Council" whom they virtually superseded in the reign of Queen Anne. It is true not all the King's ministers were members of this confidential committee; some were left out, and it was an open question for every Premier how many he should bring in, a question largely decided, in each case, by party and personal considerations. But though the line wavered it was nearly always drawn below the heads of the great executive departments, such as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Secretaries of State for War, India, the Colonies, and Home and Foreign Affairs, who were the administration in all that concerned the higher policy and the larger interests. The "minister without portfolio" had to be disguised as the chief of some office with formal or nominal duties, such as those of the Lord Privy Seal or the Chancellor of the Duchy.*

2. *The Cabinet a Committee of Parliament.*—Thus the Ruling Committee and the Administrative Committee were practically identical. The Cabinet Minister was a member of the supreme executive council, which was known as, and, in fact, was "the Government"; but he was also a departmental chief, who could be called upon to explain and defend his official action and that of his subordinates in Parliament. This was one essential part of his functions. He was responsible for the conduct of his department, and the responsibility could be brought home to him directly by vote, resolution, or question in

*The Prime Minister has been usually a "minister without portfolio," though technically a departmental officer as First Lord of the Treasury. In his real capacity he was, of course, "unknown to the constitution," and was not formally recognized until December 2, 1905, when King Edward VII. by Royal Proclamation, gave place and precedence to "our Prime Minister" next after the Archbishop of York.

the legislative House in which he had a seat. For the Cabinet was not only, in legal theory, a committee of the Privy Council, and by its composition a committee of high officials; it was also a committee of members of both chambers of Parliament, with its more numerous and influential group, as a rule, drawn from the House of Commons. Lord Morley, some years ago, defined it as "a committee chosen by one member of the two Houses of Parliament among other members."

3. *The Cabinet a Party Committee.*—

But it was something besides this. It was also a party committee. The "one member" who chose it—that is to say, the Prime Minister—was the leader of a party, and he made his selection from that party, and as a rule from that party alone. If we except a few aristocratic figureheads like Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Portland, and a few "accidents of an accident," like Addington, Goderich, and Campbell-Bannerman, there is scarcely a Premier in the long list since Walpole who was not an active and successful party leader; and more than one has owed his Premiership much rather to his talent for this vocation than to statesmanship, ability, or even skill in debate.

The Prime Minister had therefore a twofold part to play. He was head of the Government; but he was also chief of the majority in Parliament, on which he was dependent for his maintenance in office. His energies were necessarily distracted between these two claims upon them. It was not enough that he should direct the affairs of the Empire rightly; he was also under a constant obligation to convince his followers, and refute his opponents, in the debating halls of Westminster. Macaulay tells us that the greatest of our Foreign Ministers and War Ministers conquered empires

and controlled fleets and armies with "the waste and leavings" of his intellect, implying that his most brilliant gifts were called into action to persuade doubting friends or overbear jealous antagonists in the House of Commons by the power of his personality and the magic of his eloquence.

So we could have said with substantial accuracy three years ago that the Prime Minister was the commanding general of one of the rival armies arrayed against each other in the peennial campaign of Parliament and the constituencies, and its most conspicuous champion in the tournament of words. And his colleagues in the Cabinet were his staff-officers and lieutenants. Administration was not their sole, and in some cases not their chief, preoccupation; for they could not neglect the task of defending themselves, and defending one another, from hostile attack and of so framing their words, and, so far as might be, their official measures as to produce a favorable impression upon the electorate and its representatives. The Cabinet as a whole was the "Chief Executive," to use the American term; but it was even more closely bound up with the party system than the President of the United States, for it owed its security of tenure to the successful management of the party machine. The Ministry, besides being a governing board, was also a party caucus; the Prime Minister was the party leader.

4. *The Collective Responsibility of Ministers.*—

Being a party committee, appointed not merely on their individual merits, but likewise as trustees of the party interests, ministers stood and fell together. All were jointly and severally responsible for the acts and omissions of every member of the conclave. This was the doctrine of collective responsibility, which

had become one of the cardinal tenets of our constitutional creed, and was regarded as an integral and indispensable element of the Cabinet system. It was assumed that all important matters of policy and administration were considered in common by the Cabinet, which was therefore supposed to have approved the proceedings of each individual minister. It followed that every departmental chief could rely on the protection of the Cabinet shield. He could call upon his colleagues and his leader for support when his conduct was attacked in Parliament; and he was entitled to ask that the Whips should mobilize their forces in his defense if the attack were pressed home. Such was Responsible Government, in its modern phase, and the development had gone far to destroy the separate responsibility of ministers and the theoretical control of the House of Commons over their actions. For any serious attempt to interfere with them could be treated as a question of confidence in the ministry as a whole, and in that case the entire voting strength of the majority was brought to bear to defeat it. The Cabinet was not only virtually irremovable until the next general election, but each minister was in the same situation; he could not be compelled to resign unless he quarreled with the Prime Minister. The Opposition, when it inveighed against the shortcomings of the statesmen in office, knew that it was only talking to the gallery, and preparing ammunition for the electoral campaign. The majority could not displace one minister unless it displaced all, which would also have been displacing itself and giving a victory to its opponents. Collective responsibility, working in with the organized dualism of parties, always rendered it difficult for the House of Commons to exercise any real super-

vision over the conduct of the administrative Junta.

5. *The Cabinet as a Secret Committee.*—Responsible government in modern Britain has meant government by a secret committee. Secrecy and informality have been the peculiar characteristics of the English Cabinet, and very remarkable characteristics they are. They arose through well-understood historical accidents, though they are often regarded as if they had inherent virtues of their own, and must be treated with the veneration we bestow on the Bill of Rights and the Habeas Corpus Act and other examples of our constitutional aptitude. Yet, as Lord Rosebery has said, "Of all anomalous arrangements for executive government in an Anglo-Saxon community, the strangest is the government of England by a secret committee." Other governing councils, though necessarily they sit and work in private, have offices, secretaries, minute-books, and they keep some record of their proceedings. But the English Cabinet has always been what it was called in the seventeenth century, a "cabal"; it has never till recently shaken off those traditions of its origin which our ancestors regarded with suspicion and resentment, it has behaved as though it still were, as once it was, an almost illicit conjuration of persons who had the best reasons for meeting behind closed doors and baffling inquisitive eyes. "The proceedings," it could be said a few years ago, "are conversational and informal. There is no agenda paper, and, indeed, no paper of any kind. Not only are no records or minutes kept, but it is understood that a minister may not take a note, for future reference, of anything said or done during the Council." Nobody knew, or could know, unless the Prime Minister chose to reveal the facts to the sovereign, how much or

how little the deliberations turned on the affairs of the State or those of the Party; or to what extent the two things were mingled when the rulers of the nation came together for one of those confabulations by which the national destinies were sometimes determined.

Now if these are the essential and distinctive characteristics of the older Cabinet, it will be seen that they have all been largely modified, if they have not disappeared, in Mr. Lloyd George's "New Model." The identity of the Cabinet with the Ministry has gone. The Cabinet is not the Ministry. The "Cabinet Minister" has almost ceased to exist. The Cabinet member is not, with one exception, a minister at the head of a working department; the departmental minister is not, with the aforesaid exception, a member of the Cabinet. There are plenty of ministers, more ministers and sub-ministers than ever; but they stand outside the small ruling council with whom political power rests. Of the five members of this committee, only one, Mr. Bonar Law, is the head of a great administrative office; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it has been explained, will not take a regular part in the deliberations of the "War Cabinet," and will attend its sittings intermittently.

The Cabinet is thus reduced to four fully-commissioned members, no one of whom is burdened with the care of an executive department. Lord Milner and Mr. Henderson are "ministers without portfolio";* so,

*One cannot but regret that this unhappy designation has been now, as it would seem, officially adopted. The phrase is awkward, un-English, undignified, and incorrect. A British Minister is always "without portfolio," for he does not carry this article. "Minister without the seals of office," if equally cumbersome, would be at least more accurate and honorable. But why use a negative description at all? In France, when certain "older statesmen," like M. Freycinet and M. Bourgeois were invited to join the

virtually, are Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon, for the former holds the merely titular office of First Lord of the Treasury and the latter that of Lord President of the Council. All the four regular members of the Cabinet are relieved of administrative duties. They are not ministers in the old sense, or only super-ministers; and in reality they are not so much a Cabinet, in our former understanding of the term, as a Directory, controlling all departments, but not individually responsible for any. They are not necessarily in regular communication even with such great officers of state as the Foreign Secretary, the War Secretary, or the First Lord of the Admiralty, though they can summon them to consultation when they please.

The Ministry as a whole will seldom, or perhaps never, meet in joint conference. Each minister will manage his own department, subject only to the supervision of the Directory, and the necessity of vindicating his proceedings, not to the general body of his colleagues, but to the Ruling Committee, which will be the co-ordinating link of the whole machinery.* Under the older system the mutual relations of ministers might be said to resemble those of the managing partners in a great commercial or manufacturing concern, each charged with the supervision of some department, but all conferring together to

Brand Cabinet, without being assigned special duties, they were called "Ministers of State." This is an excellent precedent, and it is a pity that it has not been followed. "Minister of State" is a convenient, dignified, and intelligible title, and much more nearly in accordance with British official terminology (cf. "Secretary of State") than an exotic and disagreeable phrase, which suggests that the unfortunate statesman, like the Manx cat, is wanting in some appendage usually found in individuals of his species.

*For the purpose of carrying out this co-ordination a special secretariat has been appointed. The newspapers of January 10, 1917, conveyed the information that a Political Intelligence Department had been instituted at Downing Street "to make special investigations for the Cabinet," and to assist in "the co-ordination of the activities of the administrative Departments of State."

settle the corporate affairs of the firm. By the new arrangement the Cabinet is in the position of a Board of Directors, with a staff of departmental managers, each of whom is responsible only for his own branch of the business, and is not consulted upon the general policy, nor necessarily cognizant of it except in so far as it touches upon his special activities.

This leads us to another fundamental change. It seems clear that the Ministry as a whole can no longer shelter itself behind the cherished doctrine of collective responsibility. A minister can hardly be expected to bear the burden of a colleague's sins when he has no means of knowing what that colleague is doing. The First Lord of the Admiralty will very naturally decline to render himself jointly accountable for the acts or proposals of the President of the Local Government Board when the two gentlemen may seldom meet and hardly ever converse on their respective administrative interests. Each will report separately to the Directory, which will take care that the activities of the various Ministries are suitably "co-ordinated"; but to call upon one minister to support another, or to suffer with another, would be as unfair as it would be for the board of an industrial company to dismiss the manager of one branch because the manager of another had neglected his duty. The minister will "play off his own bat" much more frequently than before; he will be judged on his own merits rather than on the joint "form" of the whole team.

If, however, collective responsibility is abandoned personal responsibility may be resumed. The minister may be compelled to modify his plans, or even to give up his place, without involving the Government, the Legislature, and the Country, in all the inconveniences of a Cabinet "crisis" or a dissolution. If the House of

Commons is dissatisfied with a Home Secretary for a bungling Water Bill, or with a Postmaster-General for a bad mail contract, it will be able to give effect to its feelings without turning out the whole Government. I take it that if the Food Controller or the Shipping Controller failed to give satisfaction he could be eliminated by the verdict of the division lobby, or compelled to amend his measures, without any such grave consequences. Collective responsibility has meant that the departmental minister is virtually irresponsible, since he can treat opposition to his proposals as a question of "confidence," not in himself alone, but in the Cabinet. Under the new system he will have to fight for his own hand more frequently, and if he fails there will be no convenient party entrenchment into which he can retire.

It is true, of course, that the real Cabinet, the "War Cabinet," or directory of Five, is still collectively responsible, and that a want-of-confidence vote in the House of Commons would be followed by its resignation, together with that of the entire body of its official colleagues or subordinates. To that extent it may be said that Parliament still retains its potential control of the administration. But the connection between the Executive and the Legislature is much looser than in the past. The present Cabinet is neither a Committee of the House of Commons, nor is it a Party Committee. It was not selected, even indirectly, by Parliament, nor does it owe its existence to Parliamentary action. Mr. Lloyd George is in a position such as no Prime Minister has occupied since William Pitt was called to office in 1783 by the sovereign and the popular sentiment in defiance of a hostile House of Commons. In the present instance the House has not been defied, but it has not been

consulted. Mr. Lloyd George draws his strength from outside the walls of Parliament, he owes his elevation to a kind of informal and irregular, but unmistakably emphatic plebiscite. The House of Commons did not make him Premier; it is doubtful whether it could unmake him. From the moment the House has been deprived of that attribute so dear to the text-book writers, it has ceased to be a "government-making organ."

So little is the head of the Government dependent on the goodwill of the Chamber that he will not even direct its discussions. The duties of Cabinet president and Parliamentary leader are now separated. The Prime Minister, constantly occupied in the Cabinet, will not undertake to attend regularly in the House of Commons; the Chancellor of the Exchequer will come to the meetings of the Cabinet only so far as his specific task of leading the House will permit. Mr. Bonar Law will be the connecting link between the two bodies, Minister for the House of Commons in the Cabinet, representative of the Cabinet in the House of Commons; and it may often happen that he will be the only member of the Inner Council who will be present for days together at the sittings of the House. Mr. Lloyd George will be too busy to come; so, perhaps, will be the unportfolioed, but much occupied, Mr. Henderson; and Lord Curzon and Lord Milner are peers. A Front Bench reduced to a single Cabinet Minister is a very "new departure" indeed.

Parties still exist in the House of Commons. The Coalition endeavored to reconcile them; the War Cabinet ignores them. It has no "party complexion" that is distinguishable. The Prime Minister is a Liberal, who was formerly regarded as the leader of the advanced Radical wing.

LIVING AGE, VOL. V, No. 250.

Lord Curzon and Mr. Bonar Law are Unionists; Mr. Henderson is a Labor man; Lord Milner has refused to wear a party label. In the Outer Ministry there is the same disregard of the old distinctions. The majority are, or were, Unionists; but there are Liberal ministers; there are Laborites; and there is a whole group whose party connections are merely irrelevant. Hardly anybody knows, and nobody cares, what are the political opinions of Dr. Fisher, Sir J. P. Maclay, and Sir Arthur Stanley. These ministers were appointed without reference to their partisan affinities. They were chosen as experts, with special knowledge of the particular business entrusted to them. They were not even Members of Parliament; and though they have found seats it is unlikely that they will take much part in the proceedings of the House of Commons, except when the affairs of their own departments are discussed.

The relaxation of Parliamentary control is further emphasized by another striking innovation which has been received with general approval. Mr. Lloyd George has invited the Premiers of the self-governing Dominions to attend the meetings of the War Cabinet and take part in its deliberations during the coming spring; the Secretary for India will also attend on these occasions, and for this purpose he will be confidentially advised by two counselors nominated by the Indian Government. The gravest questions of policy will come before this reinforced Cabinet; it may be that the steps leading to the conclusion of the war and the conduct of the peace negotiations may be decided by it. Nothing can be more advisable, from the Imperial point of view, than that the representatives of the Realm overseas should be associated with these momentous trans-

actions. But a Cabinet so constituted cannot be made amenable to the British Parliament, since several of its members will have no connection with it.

Finally, it would appear that the new Cabinet has largely divested itself of the famous and unique characteristic of secrecy. It will have not only its departmental staff, as noted above, but also its secretary and assistant secretary. Whether Sir Maurice Hankey and Captain Amery will attend Cabinet meetings and read minutes, we are not told; but from a passage in Mr. Lloyd George's speech of December 19th I infer that a record of the Cabinet's decisions will be kept, and that it will no longer be necessary for ministers to rely entirely upon their memory. Here is a long step towards formality and regularity, if not towards publicity. The presence of the Imperial representatives must also tend in the same direction. The Cabinet can no longer be a mysterious, informal conclave, when influential outsiders are admitted to its discussions. It may be hoped that the colonial statesmen, the Secretary of State's Indian advisers, the departmental secretary and assistant-secretary, will faithfully keep the Cabinet's secrets. But they will know a good many of them.

Such, then, are the main differences between the old Cabinet system and the new, and it will be seen that the transformation cuts a deep chasm through our constitutional conventions. For the ministerial and administrative Cabinet, collectively responsible to Parliament, officered and recruited entirely from the Parliamentary circle, intimately related to the House of Commons, framed on rigid party lines, and conferring with absolute secrecy, we have a Cabinet

which is not the Ministry and a Ministry which is not the Cabinet; a Cabinet which directs but does not administer; a Ministry which has exchanged collective for individual responsibility; a Cabinet which has a very loose connection with the House of Commons, and for some purposes is virtually independent of it; which stands outside our local party divisions; which admits to its confidential deliberations representatives of all the great States of the Empire as well as those of the United Kingdom; and which still holds private, but no longer in the strictest sense secret, meetings.

I have called this a revolution; but like most revolutions it is really the result of a prolonged process of evolution. Mr. Lloyd George, like most English statesmen, has initiated his reforms mainly with a view to the practical necessities of the moment; but it is probable that even without the impulse he has given, and without the war, some such transformation as that we are witnessing would have occurred, though no doubt with less dramatic suddenness. The newer system was superseding the old before the present Prime Minister came into power. Several of his innovations had been introduced in a more or less incomplete form already. The ground had been prepared for him by events and the action of his predecessor.

Long before December, 1916, the segregation of the small directing committee from the body of the Cabinet was already a fact. Cabinets had grown steadily; they had risen from ten to twelve, from twelve to fifteen or sixteen, and then to twenty or more. This increase was almost inevitable; the sphere of administration had grown wider and new departments of state had to be created and recognized. But a meeting of

twenty or twenty-three persons is too numerous for intimate consultation and too large for secrecy; the confidential business had to be relegated to a small governing committee. So we get the recognition of the Inner Cabinet which had long existed in a more or less unacknowledged form.

When the war came it was obvious that the large Ministry was incompetent to deal with day-to-day emergencies demanding prompt action and instant decision. Mr. Asquith regularized the Inner Cabinet and gave it definite status as the War Council; and he made a step towards the abolition of the secret conclave by providing this committee with a secretary who was supposed to keep some sort of record of its proceedings.

The close connection between the Cabinet and Parliament persisted in form; but from causes which I have been permitted to set forth in these pages, Parliamentary control had been sensibly relaxed. The war, which conferred quasi-autocratic authority upon the Executive, diminished it still further; and the formation of the Coalition reduced it to a shadow. This also went far to release the Cabinet from its intimate association with the party system, and paved the way for a Government in which that system seems to be, as I have said, not so much overridden as ignored. The crisis in military and foreign affairs at the close of last year, and the energetic action of a resolutely practical intelligence, only crystallized the elements of change which had been long held in solution.

Are these changes likely to be permanent? When the war is over shall we go back again contentedly to collective responsibility, the party Ministry, the secret debating society, and the other usages of the past? I do not think so; any more than I imagine

we shall revert to the chaotic individualism which has been superseded in these years of trial by an intense corporate action, and an ever-present consciousness of communal interests and mutual interdependence. Mr. Lloyd George's revolution will in all probability outlast the emergency which called it into life. The large Ministry will continue, and is more likely to grow than to diminish in size; for we shall need more public departments than ever, and if we may hope to dispense with a Ministry of Blockade and a Food Controller, we shall find ourselves provided with a Minister of Health, a Minister of Locomotion and Transit, a Minister of Industry, and several others. We are in for a *régime* of state-socialism, and that implies a more numerous, if also a more efficient, bureaucracy, controlled by a larger staff of high political officers. We may anticipate that government in the future will continue to be, as it is at this moment, largely carried on by great administrative commissions, such as those which are supervising our trade with neutral countries, the regulation of our food supplies, our mineral production, our dealing with enemy property, and many other matters. These commissions will be appointed by the Cabinet, and will be directly responsible to it, so that ever-widening spheres of administration will be removed from the direct control of Parliament. Cabinet autocracy, strengthened by the war, may, after the peace, more nearly approximate to the older conditions, but perhaps will never again entirely reach them.

The most searching of the changes will continue—that is to say, the separation of powers, and the concentration of what may be called Imperial functions, in the hands of a group of ministers standing apart from those who are in the main con-

cerned with the local administration of the United Kingdom. I do not suppose that the division will permanently follow the lines laid down at present. Mr. Lloyd George's Directory must be free to devote itself entirely to the task of achieving victory and making a successful peace. But when the emergency has passed away one can hardly suppose that the divorce between the super-executive and the great Imperial offices of state will be maintained.

When the French Cabinet, following the British example, reconstructed itself on December 13, its War Committee was made to consist of the Premier and the Ministers of War, Marine, Armaments, and Finance. I imagine that in the future our own directing Cabinet will assume a somewhat similar form. I do not think that as a rule the Inner Council will be composed of "ministers without portfolio"; but rather that its regular members will be the heads of the great Imperial departments, the Prime Minister, of course, and with him the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the War Minister, the Secretary for India, the Secretary for the Colonies, and possibly a Minister for Inter-State Commerce, and the President of a Board for the Conservation of Imperial Resources. In a word, the proper and logical division of powers is that between Imperial and National Affairs. The Government will be divided into two compartments or councils, one, the real Cabinet of Empire, charged with the matters that affect the United Kingdom together with all the other States and Dependencies; the other occupied with our insular and domestic concerns. And the former will include ministers from the oversea communities.

Thus we shall have attained something like a federation of the Empire

for executive purposes. We shall have in reality not one Cabinet, but two, the Imperial, dealing with naval, military and foreign policy, and other common affairs; and that of the United Kingdom. Both will be technically responsible to the representatives of the British electorate. But so long as the two are linked together under a single chief, while some other ministers, such as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, are members of both committees, the responsibility will be diffused and somewhat uncertain. The situation will be regularized, and brought into conformity with our constitutional principles, when the "Imperial" Parliament is elected by all the states, not by one group alone, and when it has delegated to a subordinate assembly its legislative and other powers in the United Kingdom.

It might have been more convenient if the Parliamentary bifurcation had preceded that of the Executive. As it is, we must recognize that for the time, perhaps for a good many years to come, the super-Cabinet will be the real representative organ of the Empire; while the sub-Cabinet, with its new ministries and administrative commissions, will gather up and develop the varied and complex interests of the vast co-operative society and joint-stock industrial company into which the population of the United Kingdom is being welded. I do not see how we can avoid the conclusion that both councils will retain much of their existing freedom from Parliamentary control; and that the House of Commons will continue to be, as it is at present, a somewhat inanimate, ineffective body of uneasy critics, haunted by a sense of their own impotence, and restlessly conscious of their inability to exercise real influence upon the greater issues of policy transacted over their heads. It is the natural result of vesting the

theoretical control of a Government, in a Chamber that only represents that can speak and act for the Empire, the Kingdom.
The Fortnightly Review.

Sidney Low.

TWO'S TWO.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORY CONTINUED.

"You know old Dodson the draper? He lives in one of the last houses on the London road, going out of Sutherland. There is a copper beech on each side of the gravel path leading up to the door, and inside a very substantial-looking Mrs. Dodson—and a peculiarly engaging Miss Dodson. Archibald, I may mention, knew her by sight—that's to say, at least he had seen her in his previous existence.

"Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Dodson was equally surprised and flattered when the maid presented her with the card of Sir Wyverne Warrington-Browne, Bart., with the legend in pencil at the top, 'To introduce Mr. Archibald Fitz-Wyverne,' and a few minutes later she and Mr. Dodson discovered their distinguished visitor in the drawing-room whistling to the canary.

"He greeted them in a really very agreeable and charming manner—put them at their ease in five minutes, in fact.

"My uncle, Sir Wyverne, has asked me to call," he explained. "As, of course, you know, he is standing for this division at the next election. He's a dashed good fellow and all the rest of it—the man for Sutherland, and he naturally wants to get in touch with the leading and most intelligent voters."

"Mr. Dodson has a way of staring very fixedly out of his gold-rimmed spectacles before he commits himself to a remark. He first stared and then remarked—

"I thought Sir Wyverne was standing as a Conservative."

"Naturally," said Archibald. "True blue Tory; old port, high farming, and all the rest of it!"

"Mr. Dodson stared again.

"Do you mean to tell me he doesn't know I am Vice-President of the Liberal Association?" he demanded.

"Of course Archibald ought to have known, if his uncle hadn't trusted implicitly to having so good an agent, and had bothered about these details himself. However, he met the emergency all right.

"Of course he knew it!" he said, and suddenly became very confidential. "But between ourselves, Mr. Dodson, Sir Wyverne means to rat!" "

At this point the narrative was interrupted.

"Good God!" cried the Major. "D'ye mean to say he actually called with an introduction from you and then went and told them that?"

"My dear Maurice," said the Baronet soothingly, "please remember I warned you to keep calm. If you begin to get excited at this stage you will feel very exhausted by the end."

"Of course," continued the Baronet, "Mr. Dodson was extremely interested by this information, though just for a moment he seemed to think it was almost too good to be true. But Archibald supplied him with a number of very convincing corroborative details.

"My uncle," he said, "has always been a Radical at heart. He is so

Low Church that he's practically a Baptist; his social work in the East End of London has long ago convinced him of the necessity for confiscating the property of every one above the rank of baronet, and dividing it up among the rest; and, in fact, he's the dead spit of Lloyd George at his palniest.'

"Mr. Dodson soon began to exhibit the greatest enthusiasm, while Mrs. Dodson smiled back at Archibald whenever he encouraged her, so that he felt more and more hopeful.

"'You have a daughter, I believe, Mr. Dodson?' he said, when he thought the right moment had come.

"To do him justice, Mr. Dodson made no attempt to deny it, and, in fact, they both seemed very gratified when Archibald began to repeat some of the eulogies on her intelligence which he said he had heard from people of the highest authority. And then he unfolded his uncle's splendid scheme for employing a number of the most attractive and persuasive girls in Sutherbury to canvas on quite a new principle. He was a little reticent about the details of the plan, because he said he wished to discuss them thoroughly with Miss Dodson, and learn her opinion before giving them their final polish. Accordingly, Mrs. Dodson brought her daughter into the drawing-room.

"Archibald had to exercise the greatest self-restraint when he actually saw her come into the room. She is quite the belle of Sutherbury, with every sign of being a most destructive coquette, and a fluffy way of doing her hair which may or may not be fashionable, but is certainly deuced alluring.

"When they were introduced, Archibald couldn't even wait to say 'How d'ye do?' He simply said instead, 'We're going into the garden!'

And before her parents had time to applaud, they went.

"'Are you really interested in political work?' said the distinguished visitor the instant they were out of earshot of the Vice-President.

"'Not very much, so far, I'm afraid,' said the Vice-President's daughter, with a smile that seemed to indicate he was setting the right way to work.

"'Good business!' said Archibald. 'Because I've suddenly discovered something much more interesting to talk about.'

"'Whatever can that be?' she exclaimed, with the most promising sparkle.

"'I can't tell till I know your name!' said he, lowering his voice almost passionately.

"Of course she made him guess several times before she told him it was Ella, and by that time they had got so far away from politics that both realized it would be an unnatural strain to go back there again. So they walked up and down the garden for half an hour, and at last, when they saw both her parents staring very hard out of the window, they paused behind the largest bush that Mr. Dodson grew, and things rapidly developed.

"'I haven't told you nearly all I want to!' said Archibald.

"'But look at Dad and Ma staring at us!'

"'We must meet again, Ella!'

"'Oh, Archie!' said she, not at all discouragingly.

"There were a few more hurried remarks to the same effect, and at last he fixed it up.

"'Go into the park by the turnstile gate,' said he, 'and follow the right-of-way path to Queen Elizabeth's oak; then cut across to the corner of the west garden. The door in the wall is never locked, and we'll meet in

the yew walk beside the fish-pond at nine o'clock!"

"Oh, Archie!" said she again, and so everything was happily arranged.

"Archibald strolled back along the London road into Sutherbury, feeling extraordinarily pleased with what he had done, and still more pleased with the prospect ahead. He had got nearly to the corner of that quiet little street on the right, just before you come to the High Street, when he saw a girl approaching, carrying a brown paper parcel.

"My hat!" said Archibald to himself, from which you may judge of her appearance.

"She turned the corner into this quiet street—Waterway Street, that's the name—and when he got to the corner he found himself automatically turning off there too. He got nearer and nearer to the girl, admiring her waist more and more, when just as he was almost alongside she dropped her parcel. It burst, and three or four books scattered on the pavement.

"The finger of Providence!" said Archibald to himself, without stopping to consider whether the expression was exactly seasonable.

"Allow me!" said he in the most sympathetic voice, and the next moment he was picking up the books.

"He picked them up in the most judicious way, one at a time, so that he could get fresh thanks with every book and exchange an encouraging look. By the time he had them all picked up, their acquaintance had ripened considerably. By the time he had wrapped them in the brown paper, they were rapidly passing to the stage of friendship. By the time he had tied the string round the parcel, they were almost pals. The whole process took him about twenty minutes, which shows how a resourceful man can make his own opportunities.

"Archibald's mind, being entirely

free from all the solid matter that usually encumbers the minds even of the most frivolous, works extraordinarily easily. Almost in an instant it suggested to him a terrible possibility. Supposing Ella never turned up and his evening was a miserable blank? He resolved to avoid that calamity at all costs.

"The girl and Archibald strolled along Waterway Street as happily as possible. He discovered that she was quite a stranger in Sutherbury, that she was visiting an elderly aunt, who trusted her implicitly, and was at present in bed with a cold, and that there was really no reason at all why the evening should not be entirely at her own disposal.

"On the other hand, he found that she had one very strict idea, which was that a lady ought to be thoroughly assured of a gentleman's identity before she allowed their friendship to make material progress.

"I'll call you Archie, if you like," she said, "but I don't believe it is your name, and as for Fitz-Wyverne, you may tell that to a hundred-year-old bobby who doesn't know snuff from beans, and perhaps he may swallow it. But it won't take in this little child. And I won't tell you my name, and I certainly won't *dream* of meeting you again unless you own up. Who are you really, Archie? Don't be ashamed of your name. I won't tell your Ma I've met you."

"It was a little hard on Archibald to have these doubts thrown on the name he had selected with so much care, but the lady was obdurate, and simply laughed aloud at his protestations. Suddenly he had another brilliant idea. It may not have been the soundest thing in the long-run, but I must say I think it did credit to his resource.

"Well," said he, "I suppose I'll have to tell you, but if you lived in

Sutherland you wouldn't have had to ask. I was just trying to see whether you really didn't know me by sight.'

"And with that he presented her with another of the cards of Sir Wyverne Warrington-Browne, Bart., Sutherland Park; only this time there was nothing on it about introducing anybody else.

"That did the trick, Maurice.

" 'Remember,' said Archibald as they parted, 'you leave the path at Queen Elizabeth's oak, cut across to the right till you come to a door in the wall, and we'll meet in the yew walk beside the fish-pond at half-past nine o'clock!'

"Her name, by the way, was Miss Adeline Hewitt from Birmingham.

" 'And now,' said he to himself, 'it will really be a very extraordinary thing if one of them doesn't turn up, for I think they seemed to be genuinely captivated, and it's long odds against something going wrong with both their plans.'

"As for their both turning up, he persuaded himself that so much luck was practically impossible. If by any chance they did, he thought that a few ghostly sounds would probably deter the second from interrupting his happiness with the first. And so he went off, feeling that the first afternoon of his life had been spent in a very satisfactory manner."

CHAPTER VII.

ARCHIBALD AND THE MOON.

"About a quarter to nine o'clock Archibald lit a cigarette and strolled round the house in the moonlight, putting in the time till his first appointment was due. He was walking on the grass, and so it was that when he turned the corner of the house he saw a figure slowly walking away from him along the terrace, quite unconscious of his presence, and he

could have easily slipped away without being seen. But the curious fact is that with less than a quarter of an hour to go, and the most felicitous prospects before him, he did not slip away, but followed the figure.

"At the end of the terrace it turned and started sharply, for it perceived Archibald quite close to it and already beginning to take off his hat.

" 'Miss Demayne, I believe?' he said gallantly. 'Allow me to introduce myself as Archibald Fitz-Wyverne our friend Sir Wyverne's second cousin. I know you well by name.'

"Miss Demayne seemed not at all displeased—in fact, none of the girls seemed displeased with Archie. She naturally looked a little surprised, and after shaking hands quite cordially, asked where he had come from.

" 'Oh, I've just been having a stroll round the house in the moonlight,' said he, in such a matter-of-fact way that she appeared quite satisfied, especially as he threw in a casual reference to having learned that old Wyverne was out for the evening.

"So presently there they were sitting on one of the seats on the terrace, he tucking her wrap attentively round her, and she very cool and smiling, and looking simply bewitchingly beautiful, Maurice! Her face is charming enough by daylight, but in the soft moonbeams it was a perfect picture! It was an absolutely still night; the old house behind them, the clipped yews and hollies in the garden and the shadowy trees in the park beyond, all bathed by the moon to make a fitting frame for Joyce Demayne!

"These were, of course, the thoughts of Archibald, but they are deucedly vivid in my memory now. In fact, I feel exactly as though I had thought them myself.

"And then nine o'clock boomed on the big clock.

"Archibald's affairs were booming too.

"'Joyce,' he cried in a low and tender voice, 'I wonder if you have ever met a man who hasn't fallen in love with you!'

"Presumably she thought Archibald was so obviously under the influence of the moonbeams that she ought to make allowances. Still, she jibbed a little.

"'Really, Mr. Fitz-Wyverne,' she said, 'I had no idea I knew you quite well enough to account for that remark.'

"'I know *you*!' he replied, not a bit abashed. 'Wyverne has talked about you for hours and hours, and for days on end!'

"'Sir Wyverne?' said she, looking a little surprised, yet not at all angry. 'I am afraid you are exaggerating his interest in me.'

"'I can't exaggerate it!' he assured her earnestly. 'You have given him the most thrilling emotions he has ever felt since—I mean, that he has ever felt.'

"'Are you talking absolute nonsense, or are you thinking of some other girl?' she inquired, though she didn't seem to him quite as cool as she looked.

"'I give you my word of honor, Joyce, he is as head over ears in love with you as I am! I'll tell you just how I feel, and then you can judge of Wyverne's heart!'

"'Thank you,' said she, 'but I think that you would be safer with Sir Wyverne. Where a responsible man is concerned one has some means of judging.'

"Archibald would sooner have expatiated on his own feelings, but after all, he reflected that Wyverne's came practically to the same thing. He had an idea, too, of making things pleasant for Wyverne in the future. Perhaps it was scarcely a very judicious idea, but it was well-intentioned.

"'Do you mean to say,' he asked, 'you haven't guessed that Wyverne is in love with you?'

"'No,' she said with a smile, 'I haven't guessed it; and I don't think he has either.'

"I think it was about now that half-past nine struck on the clock, but having dismissed a subject—or even two subjects—from his mind, Archibald had the happy gift of keeping them dismissed.

"The reason why Wyverne has concealed his feelings so carefully,' he began to explain, 'is simply because he is handicapped by having two sides to his nature. One is all heart and humor, affectionate and gallant and sportsmanlike. That is his true character, Joyce, and it tells him that you are the most beautiful and charming girl he has ever seen, and one of the only ones—well, practically *the* only one—he has ever wanted to marry! He trembles when he happens to touch you, and when he wakes up every morning, he always feels the day is going to be pleasant because you are going to be with him. You do believe me?'

"'Please tell me about the other side of him,' she said, in a low voice and rather quickly—deuced good signs, Archibald thought.

"In fact, he almost decided to kiss her suddenly, and explain it was Wyverne doing it by proxy; only there seem to be limits even to Archibald's enterprise.

"The other side of him,' said he, 'is really so dreary I have hardly the patience to describe it. It is compounded of a number of tedious tastes, a respect for public opinion which is rapidly developing into a bad habit, and the groveling discretion of a Permanent Official. In addition to these vices he permits his mother to influence his conduct!'

"And how does that side of him

affect—' she hesitated—'well, affect his opinion of me?'

" 'It makes him say to himself, 'Steady, old bird!'" Now when a man steadies himself, I never can understand why he doesn't commit suicide while he is about it. They have exactly the same paralyzing effect upon all his best impulses.'

" 'Perhaps,' said Joyce, 'he is much wiser to consult public opinion and defer to his mother's influence. He is a public man, and his mother is a very capable old lady.'

" 'I have known, his mother as long as he has,' said Archibald—'that is,' he corrected himself as he saw she looked a little surprised, 'I have known her as long as I've known any one, and I'm one of the public, so I know public opinion, and I assure you it's a case of one old wife and another.'

"She gave a little absent-minded laugh, and looked straight out into the moonlit garden without making any answer. Archibald thought he had talked quite enough about Wyverne, and it was time he said a word on his own account.

" 'Joyce!' he whispered, taking her hand so gently that it had no excuse
Blackwood's Magazine.

for any violent movement, 'you are the most adorable ripper in the world!'

"Her reply might have been satisfactory or it might not, but anyhow it was never spoken, for just at that instant a most distinct sound of voices came from the west garden—from the furthest corner, in fact, evidently near the fishpond.

" 'What's that?' she exclaimed.

" 'An owl,' said Archibald promptly and confidently.

" 'It isn't; it's voices!'

"Fortunately they began to be less distinct; still it became clear to Archibald that the delightful spell was broken, and that it might be broken very seriously if they lingered on the terrace much longer.

" 'I'll go and see what it is,' said he. 'Will you wait here for me?'

"He was decidedly relieved when she declared that she had been out too long already. He said good-night extremely tenderly, and she very kindly indeed, and then the fascinating vision vanished into the house.

"I need hardly say that he vanished into the house likewise the instant the coast was clear, and slipped very quietly and stealthily up to the study."

(*To be continued.*)

IMMORTALITY AND CHRISTIAN BELIEF.

The Religion of Christ has in all ages been bound up with the belief in the power of the human soul to survive death. Whether we consider the substance of this faith or its history, the connection appears to be intimate and indissoluble. If the belief in personal survival were to vanish, Christianity would have broken with its history, and lost its original likeness.

The Gospel in its earliest form was the proclamation of the speedy advent

among men of a Kingdom of God. The acceptance of the hope thus raised involved a belief in survival as soon as it became clear that the hope would not be realized within the lifetime of the existing generation. Christians, no doubt, like other men, formed various and conflicting conceptions of the future existence they desired. Where knowledge is not possible, hope must assume the varying and elusive colors of the rainbow. The soul projects itself outwards

and finds its own strength or weakness in the unknown world of its dreams. The powerlessness of the imagination, however, did not weaken the hope. No early disciple of Christ, we may be convinced, thought of the extinction of his personal being at death or its absorption in some larger whole as a possibility. He had no doubt that he would survive death, just as a swimmer may plunge beneath the waters and reappear upon the shore beyond.

When the preachers of the faith began to appeal to listeners other than Jews, their teaching about death was, perhaps, the strongest weapon in their armory. They came to a world longing for a personal deliverance from the power of death, and they offered what was universally sought. They were more successful than the priests of Isis or the soldiers of Mithra, because they invited discipleship to one who had actually shared the human lot, tasted the full bitterness of death, and risen in literal truth from the grave. The hope of immortality seemed thus to be placed by the Gospel upon a far surer and simpler foundation than that assigned to it by these other eastern faiths, in which the object of worship was not a human being, but a mythological figure or a philosophical abstraction. Thus the religion of Christ unquestionably asked the unbelieving world for its allegiance, and received what it asked, largely on the ground of the unearthly hopes which it offered. It opened a way of escape through the gate of death from a hardly tolerable present into a world where existing conditions would no longer prevail, and where life would be a joy instead of a burden.

To these simple hopes all the familiar words of the Christian vocabulary bear witness. "Judgment," "salvation," "heaven," "hell," may indeed be understood of experiences within

our present reach, but it will not be contended that this was their primitive meaning. Originally they pointed to occurrences or states of being in a world other than the one we know. No early believer, we may be sure, thought that any present judgment of men would replace the final reckoning, or believed that any happiness now known to him was anything more than a foretaste of that awaiting him beyond the tomb.

No doubt the present life began to awaken greater interest when the Church settled into the slow and deliberate stride characteristic of every long march, and it became clear that she was destined to take her place among the permanent institutions of this world. She was thus called upon to provide for her own stability, and to formulate rules of life for her children. Thus the faith of Christ gradually but inevitably lost the unworldliness which had at first been stamped upon it, and assumed the appearance of a law governing men's present conduct. The hopes and fears it had originally awakened lost something of their early distinctness and potency; and the conditions of salvation began to be more thought of than salvation itself. The future life was regarded as something about which there was universal agreement and which was beyond the reach of discussion and controversy. The way to the goal obscured the goal itself.

The transcendental hopes and fears, however, were not suppressed nor abandoned. They still remained as the sanctions of the Church's law. They formed her weightiest arguments by which to convince the world of sin, righteousness and judgment. The instability of life, the nearness and certainty of death, the folly of sacrificing an immeasurable happiness for a few moments of illusive pleasure, the terrors of penalties to which no

limits could be set—these were always the motives of the Church's appeals, arguments whose force no one questioned.

Thus the present life was rated from the first at the low value which has ever since been assigned to it in Christian teaching. The Church's great teachers have never thought this life desirable for its own sake. If they weighed its joys against its sorrows, it was to bring out the heavy balance on the side of pain. If their vision had been confined within our present horizons, they would have pronounced "human life to be a poor thing at the best." The Christian view of life is only redeemed from pessimism by the fact that it refuses to regard our actual existence as anything but a probation or a prelude. No doubt particular teachers may be pointed to who have tried to relieve the sombreness of the traditional picture and have dwelt much upon the joy of living. They stand apart, however, from the general company of their fellow-laborers. We miss the pathos of the distinctively Christian note in teaching which invites us to find our satisfaction in our present good things, to count up our joys and rejoice that they are so many. We feel instinctively that such teaching has departed from the Church's "great tradition," and fallen away from the heroism which spurned the joys of this world in comparison with those to be hereafter revealed. The value of life to the Christian has ever lain in its promise. He prizes it because it points upwards like the spire to a more glorious world out of sight.

These hopes have indeed repeatedly assumed forms so perverted or misleading that the Church was compelled to disavow them. There were periods when self-destruction ran the risk of being mistaken for martyrdom.

Death was not merely accepted with joy; it was courted. The present was not only valued at a low price in comparison with the future; it became quite valueless, and was regarded as a mere obstruction to be removed at the earliest opportunity. These tendencies, of course, compelled the Church to assert the claims of the present life, to insist upon the value of its discipline, and to mark as impious the desire to hasten its close.

Another and less noble perversion was that known as other worldliness. The present life was depreciated, not because its pleasures failed to satisfy the soul, but because they were precarious and shortlived. An hereafter was pictured where they could be enjoyed without fear of their loss or danger of satiety. The future was conceived as a reproduction of the present without its disturbing features. Here was another dangerous distortion. The Church had to declare that this was not what she meant by a future life; that this life was not, for her, the present stamped with perpetuity, but the present transformed and ennobled. In making this disavowal her teachers elaborated the doctrine of what they called a "present salvation." By this was meant, not a blessedness coextensive and conterminous with our present existence, but a foretaste, here and now, of the joys which after death were to be in full measure the portion of the soul. For a time this doctrine was ardently preached; and no doubt some of its upholders occasionally used language which might suggest indifference to any pains or pleasures outside our present experience.

These, however, were but the overstatements of the controversialist. What was intended was to assert the moral continuousness of present and future. It is obviously this which can alone make the hope of survival

religious. I am not necessarily cherishing a religious hope when I trust that my days may be indefinitely prolonged, no matter where the scene of such prolongation may be. It is not my desire for life which is in itself religious, but my craving for some ampler and nobler existence than I at present know. Thus to repudiate the teaching that the future was only an infinite prolongation of the present, but without its pains and dangers, it was necessary to show that the future salvation presupposed a present moral health.

These exaggerations and corrections cannot hide the persistent association of the belief in personal survival with Christianity. It has been the silent assumption of every Christian creed. No great Christian teacher can be pointed to who has ever successfully preached the faith of Christ without it. The very suggestion that this faith could survive its denial would sound as the most startling of paradoxes. Yet various forces seem to be at work around us to extinguish the belief, or at least to reduce it to impotence.

The attempt to decide how many of our countrymen at present believe in a future life, or to gauge the strength of such a belief where it is professed, is beset by almost insuperable difficulties. The great majority would beyond doubt avow themselves believers. A number, larger perhaps than most of us suppose, would hesitate, while a small but weighty minority would profess positive disbelief. It is plain, however, that mere profession is a very insufficient evidence either of the existence or non-existence of such a hope as this. A variety of reasons readily occur to us why men should be reluctant to make an avowal which might well seem to them impious even if they had reached

a negative conclusion. The question is obviously not what they would say, but what they think in the recesses of their hearts, and allow to influence their conduct.

Ruskin, in his Preface to the "Crown of Wild Olive," expressed himself at a loss to know with which of the two opposite opinions he should credit the mass of his countrymen.

If you address any average modern English company as believing in an eternal life, and endeavor to draw any conclusions from this assumed belief as to their present business, they will forthwith tell you that "What you say is very beautiful, but it is not practical." If, on the contrary, you frankly address them as unbelievers in eternal life, and try to draw any consequences from that unbelief, they immediately hold you for an accursed person, and shake off the dust from their feet at you.

Perhaps this great writer, however, did not sufficiently consider that the perverseness of his listeners might arise from their inability to express what they really felt. The fact that I am not able to formulate my belief on a subject such as this is no evidence that I have ceased to believe. I cannot, it may be, describe my belief, or I may reject a description of it offered to me, yet it may none the less move within me, and impel me to actions for which, without it, I could find no justification.

Still, there are reasons why the belief in immortality may now especially appear to be threatened with extinction. Hope of any kind leans heavily for its support upon the imagination. If we are quite unable to realize some desired contingency, we are apt to dismiss it from our minds and to place it outside the range of our present interests. Now, it cannot escape us that we have been engaged for many years past in re-

moving one after another of the supports upon which, in the popular imagination, this belief had hitherto rested. If we persist in closing, one by one, the avenues by which a man seeks to reach his destination, he will at last give up the attempt and turn in some other direction.

So, if men are nursing a hope, and we continue to tell them that its realization cannot possibly take any of the forms which they have hitherto thought it must take, they will at length turn round and pronounce the hope itself to be visionary. Such seems the actual consequence of our demolition of the scenery of a future life, the majestic drapery which hung round it. In removing these accessories we have left little except vacancy behind. Let it be fully granted that the removal was imperative. The scenery was incongruous; the imagery used to bring a future life more near tended in the long run to make it more remote and incredible. When the destructive artillery of the critical reason began to play upon the structure raised by the imagination it was soon, bit by bit, reduced to a shapeless ruin.

It may not be superfluous to observe how far the work of demolition has actually proceeded. It is now some thirty years since our religious world was stirred by the controversy regarding the eternity of future punishment. We may feel reasonably certain that this controversy could not now be revived. The interval has emptied it of its actuality. Sermons may, indeed, still occasionally be heard protesting against the old conceptions; but a note of unreality seems for the most part audible through the protest. The preacher appears to consider his task superfluous, and to feel that he is warring with the dead. He knows that few, if any, of his listeners are any longer visited by

such fears. Discussion has almost ceased as to the meaning of the word "eternal," or the fewness of the elect, or even as to the possibility of a future state of purgation. It is, indeed, true that death remains, as it has ever been, the most moving word in the preacher's vocabulary. It continues, as it always will, to be a subject of universal and pathetic interest. We strain our eyes to catch if it only be a glimpse of what it hides or reveals. No disappointment wearies our curiosity, no failure arrests our search. While death, however, thus keeps its fascination, the authoritative, or at least the traditional, explanation of its mysteries finds us almost at every point incredulous.

Consider, e.g., what a breach is made in our defences by the disappearance of the sharp division of mankind into good and bad. We cannot tell where goodness ends or badness begins, nor do we find the division any longer maintained by the trusted exponents of religious thought. Its disappearance, however, leaves us face to face with many bewildering questions. If we refuse to make but one division of men, we must make as many divisions as there are individuals. It is, however, the greater solidarity of men in a future state which has formed one of its most attractive prospects. This solidarity seems more consistent with the old conception than with the new one. We can suppose a multitude of men, each preserving his own individuality, united by a common purpose and uplifted by a common hope. Such was the traditional conception of the future life of the blessed. In our love of individuality we have made such solidarity less thinkable. Each separate individual seeks his own heaven, and declares that one acceptable to his neighbor would have no attractions for himself.

Another silent dissolvent lies in our changed views of punishment. As long as we could look with any confidence upon punishment as necessarily, or even generally, remedial, belief in purgatory or even hell was easy. The character of the punishment to be inflicted might gradually lose its early grossness. Spiritual anguish might replace bodily torment. Still, the belief in the efficacy of punishment would remain unshaken. It is this belief the modern world is gradually losing. Punishment, in the case of mature men, has almost ceased to be regarded as anything but a deterrent. We do not expect the criminal to come out of prison a reformed man; we know that such transformations are very exceptional. The normal effect of any punishment hitherto tried is an increasing hatred on the criminal's part towards a social order which he regards as tyrannical and vindictive.

These experiences add greatly to the difficulty of any conception we can form of future retribution. It is not the duration of future punishment which engaged our thoughts, nor is it the forms such punishment may assume. Such things we are quite ready to leave in suspense. It is the justice and consequently the possibility of retribution in any form or of any length that we are driven to call in question. The punishments we know appear to be of the earth, earthy; thus they serve to discredit the whole conception and drive the mind back when it attempts to find a way of access, by the moral sense, into an eternal world.

It is not, indeed, suggested that iniquity awakens less abhorrence now than it formerly did. We may look with more indulgence upon some sins, but others awaken greater detestation. Cruelty and oppression would probably meet with less mercy from a

modern than from a mediæval tribunal. It will not, however, be questioned that our modern habits of accounting for things and tracing them back to their sources, possibly remote ones, tend to dissuade us from punishment except as a deterrent. We have learned the futility of blame. Instead of denouncing sinners we pity or call them mad. So the only penal fires we can think of are those which utterly consume their prey so that it loses its identity and ceases to be recognizable.

Our present-day views of the Bible and its inspiration tend towards a similar result. We find our traditional notions broken up, and there are no very stable moulds left in which thought can shape itself. Throughout the greater part of the period covered by the Old Testament the individual merges his life in that of the nation. In its eternity he finds his own. When the hope of personal survival begins in the Maccabean period to assume distinct shape, its form is not consonant with our ideas. Immortality is not thought of as a quality inherent in the soul, but as a reward reserved for a faithful remnant. Thus the Old Testament does not give us, either in its earlier or its later sections, any great assistance when we attempt to give concrete shape to our hopes of future life. It either tends to dissuade us from such attempts or it offers us what to our ideas are impossible realizations.

Our present interpretation of the New Testament has the effect of substituting earth for heaven as the center of human interest. The immortality anticipated in its pages is a participation in the Divine kingdom, whose earthly appearance the infant Church impatiently expected. Immortal life was life in this divinely governed society. Sometimes the kingdom was thought of as lasting for a limited although a prolonged interval;

and sometimes its duration was pictured as stretching on into a limitless future. In either case "everlasting life" was only a feature or property of the situation of its citizens. The exact results of biblical research are of course only known to a few scholars. Information on these subjects is, however, now being rapidly diffused. The actual result seems to be a widespread popular belief that what is promised in the Gospel is an ideal society, like the perfectly ordered community of Socialist thinkers, in which there shall be neither poverty nor disease. The vital differences between such conceptions and those of primitive Christianity are ignored, and the points of likeness are alone heeded. The mass of men disdain qualifications and reserves and have a passion for simple formulas. Thus the glad tidings of the Gospel are identified with the hopes of the social reformer, and regarded as a Divine summons to labor for the regeneration of the earth. The consequence is the displacement of the traditional hope of immortality by a vision which, however noble, is yet of the earth.

The Resurrection of Christ still conveys its confident assurance to the soul of the believer. The figure of his deathless Lord is the one luminous point in what might otherwise be an oppressive obscurity. He asks for nothing better than to follow his Master up to death and beyond it. The assurance, however, is only for him. It leaves the doubting world incredulous. No one not already possessed by the hope of immortality would be convinced by the Church's Easter message. "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

Such are some of the particular reasons why men should show greater

hesitation than they once did when they are questioned upon their beliefs or hopes regarding a future life. The traditional scenery of such a life has been uprooted. We find ourselves encompassed by negations. There is, moreover, the undoubted fact of the increased value which this present life acquires, as education and the opportunities it confers become more evenly and widely distributed. No doubt there are many like F. Myers' acquaintance who supposed he would enter into eternal bliss after death, but found the prospect none the less depressing. He was quite content to go on as he was. Even worry is better than vacancy. So we are not surprised to be told that if, in an address to working men, the speaker throws scorn on the other world and bids them refuse to sacrifice substance for shadow, they applaud at once, but as soon as ever he begins to speak of immortality their interest flags and their approval is chilled.* I do not interpret these signs of the times to mean that the human heart has ceased to be in the 20th century what it was in the first century. I regard them as indications that the traditional moulds have been found wanting and that new ones are imperatively needed. We need to be released from the humiliating position of offering men a heaven which no one desires, and threatening them with the penalties of a hell which "every one believes to be reserved for people a great deal worse than himself."†

A situation such as this may well excite alarm in religious minds. The central citadel of religion may appear to have fallen to the enemy. Thus Frederick Myers tells us "that the educated world—that part of it, at least, which science leads—is waking up to find that no mere trifles or

*"True and False Ideals of Progress," by the Dean of St. Paul's.
†Quoted by Schiller, "Humanism," p. 325.

traditions only, but the great hope which inspired their fathers aforetime, is insensibly vanishing away."* Such prophecies, however, lose their impressiveness when we remember how often we have heard their like before. We cannot see how we are worse off in our hold upon this hope than what are called the ages of faith. We analyze our feelings more closely than they did, and we are not afraid, as they were, of the reproach of heresy. Indeed orthodoxy, among large sections of the laity, has become almost a term of reproach. Authority, too, counts for less with us than it did with them. They gave credit to extravagant stories to which we pay no heed, because we know how easily such stories originate. Still, the pains and pleasures held before them as deterrents or inducements cannot have weighed upon them very persistently, or they would not have been as reckless transgressors as we know many of them actually were. We do not trifle in this way with prospects which we deliberately regard as serious. At all times men must have been conscious of the defective light in which we pursue our journey, and of the thick wrappings we must strip off before we can reach reality.

The writer I have quoted thought that the question of human immortality admitted of scientific proof. He believed that doubt must cease if it could be conclusively shown that the dead were in a position to communicate with the living. Many eminent men, worthy of the highest respect, have shared this opinion. They would, however, themselves admit that they have been unable so far to convert any considerable number of their countrymen. An influential member of the Society for Psychical Research informed us a few years ago that the membership of the society

after twenty years of strenuous and not unfruitful labor remained stationary at something less than 1500. He drew the conclusion that there were only 1500 persons in the whole wide world who took an annual guinea's worth of scientific interest in finding out whether they had anything to look forward to after death, and if so, what.* Surely, however, the fact may mean, not that the abstaining multitude lacked interest, but that they believed the particular avenue proposed to them to be fallacious.

For my own part I cannot identify "immortality" with any such life as these researches have disclosed or indicated. When I affirm my belief in immortality it is not of such a survival I am thinking. On the other hand, I could imagine myself believing in such a survival while yet I did not believe in immortality. The life we desire is not our present existence under other conditions, but a better life, a life changed not in duration but in quality; and of such a transformation these researches have hitherto brought us no evidence.

My own belief—and when we speak of hope we must needs be personal—is not the result of any reasoning process. Nor can I find that the belief historically considered has originated in the conscious reason. It precedes the action of the conscious reason. We find it in some shape in the infancy of the world. It makes its appearance almost at the dawn of history. Nor does it today seem to rest upon arguments or the operations of the logical faculty. People who already hold it, or whom it holds, bring arguments, sometimes powerful ones, in its support. But it is not the arguments which have brought it to them. Perhaps no one whom it did not already possess was ever reasoned

*"Science and a Future Life," p. 2.

LIVING AGES, VOL. V, NO. 251.

*Schiller, "Humanism," p. 313.

into it. No one whom it did possess was ever shaken in his assurance by reasonings. The belief is a craving of the whole soul, of which the reason is only a part. We justify it but we do not create it by reasonings.

If I now turn from the belief itself to the expression given to it in different times and places I find myself amidst infinite variety. Question the nations of the earth as to what they mean by this their faith, and they give us answers marked by every degree of childishness or sublimity. We are in the presence of the changing pictures of the kaleidoscope. Each nation may indeed have its authoritative creed. But the creeds do not keep pace with the movements of the living soul. They come in time to be left behind, and to appear as monuments representing what was rather than what is.

Look, e.g., at the people of whose early religious experience we know most, the Jews. It is customary to say that the hope of immortality is absent in the earlier of the two sections of the Christian Bible and present in the later. We think we see it clearly in the New Testament, while we miss it in the greater part of the Old. This summary distinction can hardly satisfy any reflecting reader of the book. The ordinary inscription upon Jewish tombstones is the prayer that the soul of the dead man may be bound up in the same bundle of life with the Lord his God. Could there be any clearer expression of the hope of immortality than this simple quotation from the Old Testament (1 Sam. 25, 29)? The early Hebrew believed that his nation's survival embraced and assured his own. It was not that he was content to perish if only it endured. He thought that he and it were bound up in the same bundle of life. Beneath the whole company, and enfolding the

great aggregate and each of its constituent units, were the Everlasting Arms. Within this sheltering embrace he rested in security, asking, with no note of self-pity, that God might show him His work, and reserve His glory for future generations. No doubt the most fervent piety did not, then any more than now, overcome the shrinking from death or light up the unimaginable future with assuring radiance:

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

We should, however, be doing the holders of a hope such as is revealed in the 90th Psalm a grievous injustice if we were to say that they had no anticipations of immortality, and place them in consequence upon a lower religious level than their descendants who looked forward to an individual resurrection. The difference was one rather of expression than of vital belief. The hopes were essentially the same although they assumed different forms. Indeed many Christian conceptions of immortality may well seem inferior to some of the Hebrew hopes to which we refuse the name.

In truth, wherever we follow the hope of future life, we are confronted by wavering images and pictures that will not abide our scrutiny. The soul is reaching forward towards a reality which is beyond its present grasp. It is moved by a desire which it cannot express in stable language or adequate imagery. It feels, but it cannot describe its feeling. It hopes, but cannot delineate its hope. Question those in whom the hope is strongest and most unwavering, and they are unable to tell you what it is they desire. Do they wish for an endless continuance of their present existence?

No. Do they desire to meet their friends and associate with them on the same terms as heretofore? Alas for us! the most cherished relationships generally present to us some characteristic for which we are forbidden to desire permanence. The great Augustine, although he loved his mother passionately, was obliged to entreat God for her sins. The truth is, it is not life in time that is desired, but life above time, untouched by its vicissitudes, free from its imperfections.

It will, indeed, be urged, that amidst all wavering hopes and shifting fancies, the desire for the preservation of personal identity remains constant. We may be willing to leave all else in suspense if only we can have the assurance that we can recognize ourselves and our friends hereafter. The question thus propounded is final and irreducible only in appearance. The Gospel assures us of a "change" by which the new life will be preceded or initiated, but it does not enable us to circumscribe this change or to settle its limits. Our affections are certainly as noble and indestructible as anything within our present experience. They constitute a prophecy of which we may have a good confidence that it will not remain unfulfilled.

The question, however, "Shall we see and know our friends in heaven?" is one which the deepest piety will hardly dare to ask. It will be restrained by the refusal of Christ to answer directly a similar question, and His assertion of the transient and provisional nature of earthly relationships.* Those who put such questions are only endeavoring to lift earthly weights and measures into a region where they have become valueless. What the Apostle points to in his memorable chapter on the Resurrection is the placing of whatever is worthy of

life in a position of permanent security. What is good in human lives is gathered up and assured of perpetuity. Flesh and blood and all that they imply are left behind. What is worthy is taken up into some larger and better state of being. Death is thus robbed of his apparent victory and becomes the gate of an enduring life. Such assurances may not wholly avail to overcome the bitterness of bereavement; what assurances can? They do, however, abound in sober, stable consolation, because they deliver us from the fear of death and clothe our last enemy with the garb of a beneficent friend who opens before us a welcome prospect.

We conclude, then, that the hope of future life is a craving implanted within the soul, but that the thoughts and images of every-day life, no less than the reasonings of the metaphysician, fail us when we attempt to picture the satisfaction towards which this craving reaches. We perceive a light which we have the strongest reason for believing to be a light from heaven, although the earth-born mists hide the goal to which it leads.

So the great hopes of the past have led humanity to satisfying but unexpected destinations. They may have been frustrated to the eye, but they have been fulfilled to the heart. The race which has given its religion to Europe has in one sense been the victim of a long series of cruel illusions. It has had to mourn through the centuries over the graves of its shattered hopes. In another aspect it is the most startling example of hope fulfilled. An outcast among the nations, despised and rejected of men, it has become the religious teacher of its revilers and persecutors. History, while it seldom realizes our express predictions, does yet bear witness that God does not betray the soul that trusts Him.

We have the firmest confidence in

*Matt. xxii. 30.

the ultimate solution of problems which now baffle our utmost efforts, although we cannot tell what form the solution will take. So we may have a firm assurance that there is a destined haven for the human soul, a haven which it would ardently desire, could it analyze and express its aspirations, although we cannot describe the haven nor settle its boundaries. This is precisely what I understand religious faith to be. Faith is fidelity to the soul's best instincts. It is the disposition which makes a man exercise his will, and persevere when the goal is not in sight. Action is thus a better gauge of the hope of immortality than profession. Perhaps we should do well if, instead of saying that we hope for immortality, we were to say that we disbelieve in death.

What the New Testament calls eternal life is life in which a man overcomes death by looking beyond it. He takes his stand among the eternal things, and thus commits himself to aims and enterprises which exceed the short term of his earthly existence. The immortality in which he believes is his already. He gives the most conclusive evidence that he holds it

The Quarterly Review.

as an inalienable possession. The brave men who have found their graves by the Belgian canals or in the French valleys might have given us surprising answers, had we questioned them upon their beliefs in a future life. They have, however, offered a more convincing evidence of their faith in immortality than any verbal profession they could have made. They held their lives to be of little price when weighed against a nation's fidelity to its engagements. The human soul thus obeying its best instincts, and surrendering its all without thought of personal recompense, makes a claim upon God which we may trust Him not to repudiate.

Symbols will change and fashions of thought wax old, as doth a garment, to the very end; but the hope of life beyond death will always remain an inseparable fibre in the texture of the human soul. It may be most strong when it is least able to express itself. It is often inarticulate or voiceless. But its fruits are unmistakable. It raises men into an eternal world even while they remain among things temporal. It is their response to the Divine claim upon their unreserved and perpetual allegiance.

J. Gamble.

THE CENTENARY OF "OLD MORTALITY."

Like most creators in prose fiction, Sir Walter Scott owed a great deal to his friends, and among the ablest, if also the humblest, of these was Joseph Train, the gauger, of Galloway. He in 1814 recalled to Scott the astrologer story of "Guy Mannering," and supplied details of Galloway gipsy life. In May, 1816, Train breakfasted with Scott in Castle-street and brought gifts in his hand, a purse which had belonged to the Scottish Robin Hood (to this gift we

owe something of "Rob Roy") and a bundle of Lanarkshire Covenanting traditions. It was only a day or two after the publication of "The Antiquary," but Train's host was discovered hard at work in his den. Above him hung a solitary portrait which now hangs in a dark corner of the staircase in the study at Abbotsford. The guest was fascinated with this picture, a portrait of Graham of Claverhouse, and expressed the surprise with which every one who had

known Dundee only in the pages of the Presbyterian Annalists must see for the first time that beautiful and melancholy visage, worthy of the most pathetic dreams of romance. Scott replied that no character had been so foully traduced as Viscount Dundee—that thanks to Wodrow, Howie, and such chroniclers he, who was every inch a soldier and a gentleman, still passed among the Scottish vulgar for a desperado and a ruffian. Might he not, asked Train, be made the hero of a national romance? "He might," answered Scott, "but your western zealots would require to be faithfully portrayed in order to bring him out with the right effect." "And what," added Train, "if the story were to be delivered as if from the mouth of Old Mortality: would he not do as well as the Minstrel did in the Lay?" Scott could not for the moment recollect who Old Mortality was, but it soon came back to his mind and he remembered that he had once seen in Dunnottar kirk-yard and then helped to entertain the lapidary wanderer as far back as the summer of 1793. Scott was disposed to say, as Johnson said when the Dictionary was broached, "I believe I shall not undertake it"; but in the event a national masterpiece was written during the long days of 1816, and published in December by Mr. Murray in London and Mr. Blackwood in Edinburgh.

Murray wrote to Scott during the month, exulting in the success of the story, which

must be written either by Walter Scott or the devil. I never experienced such unmixed pleasure as the reading of this exquisite work has afforded me; and if you could see me as the author's literary chamberlain, receiving the unanimous and vehement praises of those who read it, and the curses of those whose needs my

scanty supply could not satisfy, you might judge of the sincerity with which I now entreat you to assure the author of the most complete success.

Lord Holland had said when Mr. Murray asked his opinion:—"Opinion! We did not one of us go to bed last night—nothing slept but my gout." It was acclaimed the first of the national tales, the Marmion of the novels, the best of the Waverleys, let which will be the second; and three editions of three thousand were in circulation before the close of January, 1817. Every reader has his own favorite, "but few," says Andrew Lang, "will place this glorious tale lower than second in the list of these incomparable romances." Coleridge and Hazlitt were inclined to place it first. Elton in his brilliant *Inquest on the Waverley Novels* sums it up as "the swiftest, the most varied, the least alloyed, the most fully alive of all." As well, as, perhaps better than, any other Waverley novel "Old Mortality" answers to the breathless eulogies of Hazlitt, slightly abbreviated thus:—What a world of thought and feeling rescued from oblivion; he writes as fast as his audience can read and yet never writes himself down; he is always in the public eye, yet never tires it; his worst is better than anyone else's best; his backgrounds are better than their foregrounds; his works are a new edition of human nature, "born universal heir to all humanity!"

One or two circumstances distinguish "Old Mortality" from its fellows. To reproduce a departed age, four generations back, beyond the memory of any contemporaries of the author, with such a lifelike accuracy, demanded a more energetic sympathy of imagination than had been called for by the preceding novels. The canvas is a broader one and the background needed the brush of an

historian. Yet the colors were supplied and the characters animated for the first time from materials furnished by books. When the portraiture was attacked on the ground of unfairness it was championed by Scott himself in a mammoth review—anonymous critic in the *Quarterly* solemnly reviewing the Great Unknown. Flaubert with equal success, in the case of "Salammbô," carried the conflict of erudition into the enemy's country; but is there a rival to "Old Mortality" in the circumstance of having been tried by its own creator before the highest literary tribunal in the country?

Another singularity about this novel was that the name of "The Author of Waverley" was omitted from the title-page. The publisher's name, too, was altered from Constable to Murray. Scott sought, it seems, for his diversion, to collect opinions as to whether the new Scots novel was from the same hand as its predecessors. "Old Mortality" was the last novel written before the painful illness which seized Scott in March, 1817. For twenty years Scott had treated body and brain as few since Napoleon have treated "the machine." The only "refreshment" he ever sought was change of work. In the country he never sat down, but spent twelve hours of his day on foot or horseback; in the town he was "always seated at one kind of table or another." In 1817 the long-suffering mechanism resented such cavalier treatment. Scott had still eight years of apparent prosperity before him, but he had no more years of unbroken health. Violent cramps in the stomach seized him and drove this stoic forth from among the guests at his own table "bellowing like a bull." Salt, so heated that it burned his shirt to ashes, was applied to the seat of his malady, and "I hardly felt it," says the sufferer. Then

came the heroic remedies of profuse bleeding and blistering, and diet of toast with only three glasses of wine daily. The cramps led up to a cruel succession of spasms and sickness and terminated in a severe fit of jaundice, so that he was nearly brought to death's door. Yet it was in this state that he finished "Rob Roy," wrote the far greater portion of "The Bride of Lammermoor," the whole of "The Legend of Montrose," and nearly the whole of "Ivanhoe."

The very perfection of the Scott qualities in this romance enables us the better, perhaps, to detect Scott's characteristic defects, two in number and two only. The first is a proclivity, almost incredibly strong and obstinate in the face of the most earnest remonstrance, to prolix, quasi-facetious prolegomena. This inveterate love of sham introductions to works of fiction infected Dickens, and led to the melancholy framework that surrounds "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge." But "Master Humphrey's Clock" is almost forgotten, while Scott is merciless with his buckram men; he fills the introduction to each one of his romances with them, and is so enamoured with the blare they make that he frequently urges them over the threshold of the story itself. Thus "Old Mortality" is declared to be one of the tales of an imaginary landlord, and accordingly there is an introduction giving an account of the landlord. Why a landlord it is difficult to conceive, unless it be to introduce a quotation from "Don Quixote"; for we are incessantly informed that the tales were really written by a schoolmaster, one Peter Pattieson, and yet again we are told they were collected and reported by one Jedediah Cleishbotham, a parish clerk of Ganderleugh. But even this is not the end of this maze of mystification and make-believe, for

we are now given to understand that the chief of these tales (used as a make-weight to "The Black Dwarf" with as much propriety as Eclipse might be driven in double harness with a jackass) was taken from the mouth of Robert Paterson, commonly known as Old Mortality; more than that, the novel is called by his name, though he has no connection with it whatever. The French call it "Puritains d'Ecosse." And so it is only after four most ungainly removes that we are enabled to approach the narrative at all, and in all the history of the application of such machinery in fiction, from Chaucer to Hardy, it would be difficult to cite a more clumsy exposition of the device.

The second defect is his peculiar indifference to the manifestation of the tender passion as evinced by his heroes and heroines. The worst bathos of his style will be found generally in connection with these foibles of the master. Scott, it is often said, was too chivalrous a writer to seek to probe the heart secrets of a lady of high degree; or, again, it may be urged that historians, owing to the peculiar constitution of their minds, are seldom adepts at the mysteries of love. In Scott's case it is admitted by common consent that the most admired and accepted of all his heroines was the cold-blooded Jeanie Deans. When Johnson put on the tragic sock, so Garrick assured the critics, passion slumbered and frigid declamation reigned supreme. So it was when Scott disciplined one of his high-principled young heroes into the danger zone of a love affair. The imperceptible beginnings and the growth of affection between Morton and Edith are described here in the thirteenth chapter in this truly appalling sentence:—"Love, indeed, was not yet mentioned between them by name, but each knew the situation

of their own bosom, and could not but guess at that of the other." And this is how the fair Edith withers Morton's cavalier and temporarily successful rival:—

Lord Evandale ought to have remembered that when his perseverance and, I must add, a due sense of his merit and of the obligations we owed him wrung from me a slow consent that I would one day comply with his wishes, I made it my condition that I should not be pressed to a hasty accomplishment of my promises; and now he avails himself of his interest with my only remaining relative to hurry me with precipitate and even indelicate importunity.

Whenever his lovers warm to their work they always (like the lovers in Marryat) become more and more polysyllabic. There may be some extenuating points about Edith, but of her generic likeness to the family of Alice Bridgnorth in "Peveril" and Agnes in "David Copperfield" there can be regrettably little doubt. As complete a trembler as Goldsmith's Marlow in the presence of young ladies of rank and reputation, Scott was another Shakespeare or Chaucer in every other branch of feminine portraiture. Niel Blane and his daughter form a perfect vignette; Bessie Maclure is the miniature of a Scripture character; the Lady of Tillietudlem, with her monomania about the disjunct of his Sacred Majesty, is one of the consecrated bores of fiction; while as a coquette and a manpuller, the prettiest of tray trips, and a true Scottish counterpart to Shakespeare's Maria, Jenny Dennison is *nulli secunda*. As examples of Waverley prose the duel between Bothwell and Burley at Drumelg and the end of Burley are familiar. The scene which the following passage recalls, though less familiar, is not a whit inferior:—

His broadsword, which he had unsheathed in the first alarm at the arrival of the dragoons, lay naked across his knees, and the little taper that stood beside him upon the old chest, which served the purpose of a table, threw a partial and imperfect light upon those stern and harsh features, in which ferocity was rendered more solemn and dignified by a wild cast of tragic enthusiasm. His brow was that of one in whom some strong o'ermastering principle has overwhelmed all other passions and feelings, like the swell of a high spring-tide, when the usual cliffs and breakers vanish from the eye, and their existence is only indicated by the chafing foam of the waves that burst and wheel over them. He raised his head, after Morton had contemplated him for about a minute.

"I perceive," said Morton, looking at his sword, "that you heard the horsemen ride by; their passage delayed me for some minutes."

"I scarcely heeded them," said Balfour: "my hour is not yet come. That I shall one day fall into their hands, and be honorably associated with the saints whom they have slaughtered, I am full well aware. And I would, young man, that the hour were come; it should be as welcome to me as ever wedding to bridegroom. But if my Master has more work for me on earth, I must not do his labor grudgingly."

"Eat and refresh yourself," said Morton; "tomorrow your safety requires you should leave this place, in order to gain the hills, so soon as you can see to distinguish the track through the morasses."

Cuddie and his mother; Macbriar and his fellow-fanatics—the terrible scene of suspense in the hut waiting for twelve to strike, and the flawless torture scene; the Laird of Milnwood, a miser equalled only by Balzac in Grandet and Scott himself in "Nigel"; Balfour's "darksome cave" by the Linn and the castle of Til-

lietudlem, drawn from Craignethan, near Lanark, where there is a glen called Gillietudlem—all these things are incomparably described. The seventeenth-century engagements of Drumclog and Bothwell Brig are such as the depicter of Dugald Dalgetty skilled to delineate, and he alone.

Like Shakespeare with Julius Cæsar Scott could not quite make up his mind how to treat Claverse. A hidden hand prevented him from making a complete hero of him, great as his predilection might have been; and various interpretations have been adopted, such a dour Whig as Hazlitt, for instance, having been quite content to discern in the character "the fawning Claverse, beautiful as a panther, smooth-looking, blood-spotted." And so we come to the imputation of Dr. McCrie in the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor* that the Scottish Israelites of the novel were Jacobite caricatures, against which Scott defended himself *vi et armis*. The defense was hardly needed, for posterity has judged and the verdict is in the novelist's favor. Scott was far too much of a patriot to lampoon the Covenant. It is true he disliked the wild Whigs and called them the "beastly covenanters"; his historic conscience incited him to mock at their extravagance, but would not allow him to malign them, as he was for maligning the English Puritans in "Woodstock." And, as it was, he made reparation to the ruffled conscience of the Lowlands in the noble portrait of Jeanie Deans. It is said he even meant to remodel the lineaments of the somewhat timorous and time-serving Poundtext, but it is fortunate that he was not tempted to lay hands upon the outpouring of Mrs. Headrigg. The construction of "Old Mortality" is exceptionally good, but for the first chapter and the last.

When you do get to the story the opening is romantic in the highest degree, and nothing could surpass the action that follows the dispersion after the popinjay scene. Scott, like Hardy, is at his best with soldiers, and supremely strong on wayside cronies, landlords, gossips, and clowns.

The Times.

The historic characters are, in the judgment of the deponent, just splendid, one and all, and we leave the novel confidently in the hands of Cuddie and Manse, in the certain hope that they will convey it securely into the future for at least another hundred years.

"THE WHITE HART."

In the early days of the nineteenth century, when many men were afraid that "old Boney" would invade these islands (and some men were afraid that he would not), in a single hour the "White Hart" inn, at Marlingford, in the County of Suffolk, lost and gained a mistress—Mrs. Ward, the comfortable innkeeper's young wife, dying, in her first confinement, of ignorance and the 'pothecary, and her little daughter triumphing over both those drawbacks.

Then, as now, Marlingford had a single, long, winding street, with highly respectable, old-fashioned shops, where one bought, not what one wanted, but what they had; with the "White Hart," ample, important, well-to-do, with Corinthian pillars to its porch, and fat bow windows much the shape of Mr. Ward's ever-increasing waistcoat; with two lesser inns; behind one of them an active market; standing a little above the town, a manor with its park, and beyond it a church and rectory damply embosomed in trees.

That Marlingford was considerably less stagnant than it has ever been since, until once again war has stirred the waters of the pool, is incontrovertible; for expresses tearing through one's station to Yarmouth and Norwich, with only the dullest and slowest of trains stopping thereat, do not make for half so much excitement as the mail-coaches clattering

into the town, covered in laurels, and "distributing, . . . like the opening of the apocalyptic vials, the heart-shaking news of Trafalgar, of Salamanca, of Vittoria."

Mr. Ward—in the dire and dreadful mourning in which people then encased themselves, and with those lines which the great sorrow, as distinguished from the sorrows, of life carves indelible on a man's face—would stand in his porch when the coach drew up with the steaming horses and old John-coachman calling the curt résumé of the news from his box, and presently retail it to the crowded bar in a form of words generally impressively beginning "Gentlemen, it is my privilege to inform you," and sometimes, "Gentlemen, it is my misfortune."

Often, of an evening—for in those stirring days it was dull work at the Manor sitting opposite my Lady, with the vast cap of fashion on her head and, for that was also the fashion among pretty women, not two ideas inside it—Squire Hewlett came down to the "White Hart" and carved at the long table for John Ward's guests—another squire, *en voyage*, a solicitor on business, Mr. Williams the 'pothecary, and, rarely, Mr. Codrington the Marlingford parson, a delicate little gentleman, quite the lady. After dinner, John Ward, who had been in and out of the room himself, bearing the steaming joint and the fat couple

of chickens, having been bidden to produce his best bottle of port, took a glass of it with the "real ruler of the English village"—a perfectly good-natured despot in this case—and they discussed Corunna or Badajoz, and advanced amazing theories, always immediately falsified, as to what Boney would do next.

Now and again, when the Squire was giving the company the news from the news-sheet, Ward would catch, or think he caught, a sound in the room above; and at the first full stop, muttering an excuse, left the company, creaked on tiptoe up the broad stairway, into the nursery where, hermetically sealed from all fresh air, little Bella Ward waxed fat and kicked on a régime in every respect absolutely opposed to that on which the young now do precisely the same.

She was a stout, black-eyed baby with red cheeks—not beautiful. What was beautiful, and absurd, was the way, by the time she was two or three years old, she would push away Jane the nurse with her fat, creased arm and toddle to her father, crowing with glee; and his deep delight in her, when he sat her on his roomy knee, clasping her firmly round her large, uncertain waist, and entertained her by the hour together with his great silver repeater.

At six or seven, she was mothering her dolls most capably; and by the time she was twelve—still rather a stout child, thick about the ankles, with a handsome face, fine eyes, plenty of jet-black hair, and a character strongly affectionate and good tempered—she was mothering him.

By the time Napoleon landed at Fréjus from Elba, in 1815, Bella had become "Miss Bella" to the "White Hart" and Marlingford in general, and had quite made up for the deficiencies of the polite education she

had received from a decayed lady, who had never been one, by plenty of sound natural sense, and no mean portion of the cleverness which, in women particularly, will be found not only to be independent of learning, but apt to be injured by it.

When of an evening a friend came into the cosy parlor behind the bar, Bella, who loved the sound of her own voice, having curbed it out of respect for her elders for nearly three minutes, said she thought they (meaning the Continental powers in general) must have been a pretty set of ninnies to have supposed old Boney would have stayed quietly in Elba; the friend (he was Mr. Cole, the Marlingford solicitor) said he considered Miss Bella had put the case very neatly; and Miss Bella's father was prouder of her than ever.

She made him tea presently, sweet and strong to his taste, and put the cup just where he liked it. Hardly any young people sympathize with old sorrows, because to them sorrows are necessarily new and poignant or not at all; but Bella had divined that, to her father, her mother's loss was like the loss of a limb—always conscious and present; so, with only a side glance at a great pile of sewing awaiting her, she played to him presently on the spinet, which he had bought for her second-hand at a sale, as a kind of seal and testimony to the politeness of her education.

Perhaps, trained, her voice would have made her living or her fortune as a professional singer. It was so rich and strong, even as quite a young girl, that one felt if she had rashly put forth the slightest effort, it would have lifted the roof of the "White Hart" soaring away into space; and that it was quite fortunate the tinkling ballads, from a heap of untidy music under the spinet, required no effort, and were the

only things she knew. Even so, they filled the close little room with strong melody. If, at the end of the song, she came down cheerfully on the wrong chord, neither she nor old Ward ever fussed about trifles. Bella, pleased to have pleased her father, and a little with an accomplishment then reserved for the lady born, said, loud and cheerful, "There, dad, what the dickens'll become of my sewing?" and resumed it, while old Ward got his comfortable person with some difficulty out of his fireside chair and joined his friends and customers in the bar.

She must have been about eighteen—a very fine figure of a girl (the tragic part of being a fine figure at eighteen is that one is certain to be so much too fine a one at eight-and-twenty), with her direct handsome eyes, her bright complexion, and her raven hair—when her old dad, as she always spoke of him, had a slight stroke, and Mr. Williams, who had ushered Miss Bella into the world (and so very nearly out of it again), was once more constantly in the "White Hart." After a while, the patient recovered somewhat, remaining, however, fractious and half childish, distressingly distressed at his own mental failure; so that it required all Bella's inborn cleverness, as well as all her patience and strong affection, to make him think he still held the reins of government and imperceptibly to guide them herself.

She was scarcely twenty when the whole management of the great house, the stables, the bar, the servants, the difficult catering for commercials (of whom a dozen might come one day and none at all the next), rested entirely on her broad shoulders, as well as the care of the old father—now nearly always in his chair by the fire, looking into it with his sad, bewildered old eyes, and asking her five-

and-twenty times in an hour where her mother was.

It would have been odd if the Bella of this period—well-endowed, handsome, buxom, attractive, plainly fitted for nothing if for the leanness and narrowness, the meagre interests and barren joys of the single life—should have lacked suitors.

Many a brisk young commercial must have come Marlingford way, or prosperous farmer turned into the "White Hart" on a market-day, with the paramount purpose of seeing its young mistress, whose charms, not being those of the lily or the violet but of braver and ampler flowers, commended themselves so much the more.

She was always genial and pleasant; laughed her deep, natural laugh; drew the beer with a handsome head; and replied with a fine toss of her own and a cheerful "None of your nonsense, if you please, Mr. Phillips!" to compliments which had not the disadvantage of subtlety.

But when Mr. Phillips—a really magnificent young sultan, who, technically, traveled in silk, and, actually, in the smartest and showiest raiment permitted to a young commercial—positively deigned to throw the handkerchief for her to pick up, she did not even, so to speak, look at it; merely remarking, "I should just like to see myself deserting my old dad!" And when Mr. Phillips—still incredulous that any woman could be so mad as to refuse him—gasped out, "Why, it's Scriptur'!" responded with plenty of spirit, "Well, if anyone tells me it's Scripture to marry the first smart chap as comes along and leave your old dad to be done for by the servants, I don't believe 'em."

When, somewhere about the year 1825, she became, not only virtually but actually, the head and owner of the "White Hart," Marlingford, she was:

three-and-twenty years old—which was then at least the equivalent of three-and thirty now—while the finely developed figure, the handsome head held like an empress, and already a distinct tendency in her very good-looking face to a double chin, encouraged the delusion that she was no longer perfectly young.

The part management of a public-house had indeed, perforce, given her a knowledge of life and human nature uncommon to youth. Never having been kept in clover and cotton-wool and fed on the soft pap of pretty illusions, as was the sheltered woman of her day, that ignorance which keeps—or kept—such women young—even painfully and pathetically young, all their lives—was not hers: she saw life, from her fine and candid eyes, very much as it is, and was going to make of it the best and cheerfullest she could.

At this time, her excellent and substantial house consisted, as it still does, on the ground floor of a great stone-flagged hall; on one side of it the commercial-room (where the Squire's rent-audit dinners had been held for generations); facing the street and portico, the large, cheerful bar; and behind it that stuffy, comfortable little bar parlor—Miss Bella's particular sanetum.

Below stairs were the vast, stone-flagged kitchens. From the hall, a fine black oak stairway, hung with sporting prints—valuable, though nobody knew it—led to a landing, whence opened bed-rooms, with vast four-posters and minute jugs and basins, frowning mahogany furniture, and looking-glasses, always darkly set against snuff-brown walls and taking a malicious pleasure in revealing defects only. Near by was the best parlor—a large apartment of unspeakable dreariness, full of stale air, and an odor of best carpet; of ornaments

bought by the lot at the sales it was one of Miss Bella's relaxations to attend (and with Lot 50 or 60 still adhering to them on tickets); of chairs in rows against the walls—and everywhere of the warning, "All ease abandon ye who enter here."

About once a week, its mistress visited this stately cavern, drew up the blinds, looked about it, felt proud of it, unshrouded a chair to see if its wool-worked covering was going on well; drew down the blinds, and left, satisfied. It was her concession to gentility—her bow, as it were, to the memory of Mrs. Damer, her instructress, the reduced lady who had never been one, and had fortunately never been able to make one, sham or real, of Miss Bella, but had left her a perfectly natural, sensible, genuine, whole-hearted human being.

Having locked the parlor door and put the key in an ample pocket, she returned to the real, earnest and indefatigable business of her busy life.

From the earliest days of her rule at the "White Hart," it had one feature sharply distinguishing it from almost all feminine rule—no pettiness.

Other women might be fretting themselves thin in their striving for perfection in little things, but Miss Bella's generous contours were not going to reduce themselves over specks of dust here and there or an unauthorized pink ribbon in a domestic cap.

She knew how—and such knowledge is rare—at once to overlook foibles, and to deal sharply with real faults; and, in an age when the employer was apt to think—or to act as if he thought—that hardships were only hard to him, and that Providence had kindly arranged that employees should enjoy incessant work, no holidays, and scanty sleep in abominable quarters, acted on the assumption that old

Janey her nurse, Tabby and Susan the maids, Peter the boots, and the denizens of the kitchen, were much like herself both in faults and virtues and in preferring the pleasant to the unpleasant.

No one but Miss Bella, of course, could have successfully employed a cook so fat and wheezy as Martha; while she alone would have attempted, and succeeded, in so original an experiment as to turn old deaf, dumb, and crazy Bob into a kitchen and scullery maid.

One of those hapless creatures for whom the world has no use, who, in her father's day, was always hanging about the "shades" and being alternately treated and kicked by the other wastrels who loitered there, Miss Bella had taken him into her warm considerations; sat pondering his case through a whole tea-time with dark eyes thoughtfully fixed on the fire, and her pretty fat feet toasting on the fender; then put down her teacup suddenly with "I've got it, dad!" and the next day had it, in the form of Bob on his knees scrubbing the vast hall—to the great relief of Tabby, who had suggested sulkily to her mistress, "This ain't gal's work!" and had been struck quite dumb by the unexpectedness of Miss Bella's answer, "I don't know but what you're right, Tab! P'r'aps it ain't."

Anyhow, Bob did it, and much else, hereafter. He loved Miss Bella with the fond faithfulness of a canine creature. When she passed him, he would catch her by the dangling sleeve women wore, and point for her approval to his work; and when she so approved, chuckled for joy. Presently, she taught him, not without pains and patience, a sort of patent-lip-language which established a private code between them, and he was as happy as kings—are not.

As for the stables, they naturally presented greater difficulties in management for a *femme seule* in the days when "Posting in all its branches" meant something much more extensive than the one mouldy cab, with driver to match, it generally means now.

Having knitted her brows over the corn bills; filed them; placed on her lugubrious shawl and bonnet (being still in mourning for her father), she stepped across one fine day to "The Feathers," the rival hostelry opposite, kept by Mr. Badger, a ferrety-faced, red-haired man, who knew all there is to know about a horse, and was suspected in some quarters of being not unready to exchange his single state for a married one, and the substantial profits of the "White Hart" for the dwindling proceeds of his own concern.

He was standing outside "The Feathers" chatting to a friend when Miss Bella came up with him—and perhaps it was the chill air of what is aptly known in the county vernacular as "a rafty morning" that made him so red about the nose and bleary about his mean little eyes.

He asked her to step in, and she stepped; noted in a single glance how dirty the parlor was; and after a vigorous, cheerful and lengthy preamble—for it must be owned she had a terrifying supply of words—came to business. When she had jotted down a few particulars on a piece of paper, considered them with a fore-finger on her lip, and replaced the memorandum in her pocket, Mr. Badger judged the moment had come for him to say—

"This ain't the business for a pretty young lady like you, Miss Ward!"

Miss Ward said cheerfully, "Well, I've got to do it, Mr. Badger."

And Mr. Badger, shuffling his feet and looking out of the window, for there ~~was~~ something regal in Miss

Bella which made such suitors approach her, as it were, obliquely, mumbled, "A husband 'ud do it better for you."

Miss Bella replied, "Well, that depends on the husband"—a fact seemingly obvious, but to Mr. Badger so revolutionary that he quoted it against her as damning proof of strong-mindedness for the rest of his life.

The long street was full when she re-crossed it, for it was market day; and in the pleasant, cold sunshine, a great stallion—the most noble of powerful creatures, magnificent in his grace and strength—was being paraded up and down by his owner before the considering eyes of breeders and buyers.

Miss Bella, who knew every one, said with her deep laugh, as she too watched him, "I am glad I don't pay *his* corn bill," and proceeded cheerfully to her own stable-yard, where she explained suddenly, good-humoredly, and with the utmost decision, the revolutionary changes that must be made in the accounts presented to her.

The fact, apparently simple, that if you do not know your own business, and are not yourself personally interested in it, neither will your employees be, was one Miss Ward thoroughly realized in every branch of her art; so she bottled, pickled, preserved with her own hands and the wheezy assistance of old Martha, on many a morning; and when the results were ripe in the form of jams and sauces, ascended steps in a store-room to a vast high cupboard with an agility supposed to belong to the slim and athletic bearing of the modern young woman.

If the guests of the house gobbled up her home-made marmalade long before oranges were cheap enough to make more, she appreciated the com-

pliment, and the not less real one that her boar's head and rich, damp, black Christmas plum-pudding (and the liquor brandy which followed it) attracted greedy elderly gentlemen to pay an unnecessary visit to the "White Hart" in midwinter and its least busy time.

On at least one occasion, after a slight difference of opinion with Pearce, the decorator, she painted, papered, and whitewashed her little parlor entirely herself; and said, on a note of just triumph, to Miss George, the barmaid, who had exclaimed "La! did you ever, now!" "It'll just teach that Pearce not to try and do me!" and it did.

But however busy Miss Bella might be, at eleven o'clock she discarded her apron, patted her regal black hair with her fat hand in front of the glass above her parlor chimney-piece, straightened the vivid bow on her blue dress, and went into the bar to help Miss George.

Miss George, who had dyed the front of her hair a gold which would not have deceived an infant, and had so long worn an arch and ogling manner as a matter of business that it had become natural, was really a most respectable spinster, who lived in lodgings in Marlingford and supported a crippled niece; and whose domestic and professional worth were both justly valued by her mistress.

Regularly in the middle of every week-day morning, the whole of Marlingford was seized, as it still is, with an incontrollable thirst, which led to that famous institution of the country town called the "elevens."

In the early nineteenth century, in all classes, though the era of perpetual drunkenness had passed, not so perpetual drinking. The Squire and his friends at the end of the dinner-party were no longer under the table; but it was not only Lord Mel-

bourne who took as a matter of course that by the time they joined the women in the drawing-room they should be considerably "elevated by wine"; nor only Lord Melbourne who thought that such an elevation "tended to increase the gaiety of society—it produced diversity."

The stout farmers who came into Marlingford on market and sale days, and dined at Miss Bella's excellent ordinary, justified the dictum of Sydney Smith that all people above the condition of laborers were ruined by excess of meat and drink. If Mr. Cole, the solicitor, or his rival, Mr. Hilary, let a property or decided a quarrel, the business began, continued, and ended with somebody standing treat. Miss Bella's Boots helped the commercial gentlemen up to bed a hundred times more often than commercial, or any other, gentlemen need to be helped now; and everybody in Marlingford was of the decided opinion that the delicate constitution of their spiritual pastor and master, Mr. Codrington, was the direct effect of, if not the judgment of Heaven on, an unnatural abstinence.

The "elevens" lasted, it is true, but a short time; and he would have been a rigid temperance reformer who would not have admitted that the half-hour was pleasant, cheerful, and friendly; while the takings of the house during that brief period would have been significant enough to make any Chancellor of the Exchequer's mouth water.

At twelve, Miss Bella dined in her parlor by herself; Miss George dining at the same moment in her sanetum by herself: for that was etiquette.

What was, fortunately, not etiquette in Miss Bella's code was keeping one's servants at a moral distance; and while Susan, who was very pretty, served an ample meal, Susan's employer permitted herself to be enter-

tained with the *on dits* of the kitchen and the history of Susan's sister's young man.

On one occasion, when the cloth was removed, says Miss Bella: "Now fetch Peter!"; and Susan, with a slightly alarmed expression, and Peter, slightly sheepish, stood before their employer, who looked at them both with her honest, fine eyes, and said in her contralto: "Now, you two are keeping company. Don't say you aren't; I've seen you. I'm not blaming you: it's nature. Only, what I do say is, with me too busy to have time to look after you, I can't have you loving here; and one of you's got to go."

They both went—in high dudgeon. But, a few years later, Miss Bella's was the handsomest present at their wedding, and Miss Bella's startling silk and richly beflowered, fruited, and ribboned bonnet the most creditable costume.

Mrs. Damer had of course carefully refrained from teaching her pupil anything so vulgarly useful as arithmetic. So, of an afternoon, surrounded by bills and ledgers, with her eyes fixed fiercely interrogative on the opposite wall, a slight flurry in her hair, and, on the table, fat fingers useful for counting, Miss Ward worked out her financial budget by a patent method of her own.

When the pence column came wrong for the second time, she said "Drat 'em!" and had the rare wisdom and fortitude to leave it to itself till the next day—to recover its temper.

Now and again—about twice a month, perhaps—in her Sunday silk and a tippet over her shoulders coming into a plump waistband, she took tea with Mrs. Cole, the solicitor's wife, and her dimple-necked little girl, Maggie, who used to hunt for good things, never in vain, in the guest's capacious petticoat pocket, and who

loved her, as all children loved Miss Bella and Miss Bella all children.

But the most genuine pleasure and excitement of her life was to attend local sales. At last, her substantial ankle in a white stocking, preceding the rest of her appearance from the high "White Hart" gig, was quite looked for by the dealers, standing in the straw and litter at the wide-opened hall door; while at the sale itself, there was a large handsomeness about her dealings, a total inability to take mean advantages, which they soon discovered could not be attributed to inexperience and feminine gullibility.

The "White Hart" guest who found himself at night lapped softly in fine linen, and who dried his dripping person the next morning on towels which really sopped up moisture, owed those luxuries to her acumen as a bidder: though it is very true that sometimes a feminine weakness for a bargain led her to bid for a lot simply because there were such lots of things in it, and that she became thereby possessed, at one and the same moment, of such warring objects

The Cornhill Magazine.

(To be concluded.)

S. G. Tallentyre.

as a canary in a cage, a fender, a flat-iron, a bolster, a huge manly pair of carpet slippers, and a complete set of the works of Voltaire—in the author's mother tongue.

At one time, there were further scattered about the "White Hart" no less than five copies of the poems of Mrs. Amelia Opie (with the famous "Go, youth beloved, in distant glades" as the *pièce de résistance*, and a picture of the Youth, Going, in peg-top trousers, as a frontispiece); while Miss Bella's parlor had a six-foot book-case quite full of classic and other authors, many uncut; and when she said, with her deep, resonant laugh, "It's funny, now, how fond I am of books—I can't help buying 'em," it really was, as she looked upon reading solely as a sedative for senile decay, and only pardonable when taken in connection with gruel, a foot-rest, and a real physical inability to employ one's time usefully.

But perhaps, as education would not have improved her natural parts and judgment, so neither would reading—which is "thinking with other men's minds instead of one's own."

OVER-EATING.

In order to repair waste of tissue, and to provide energy for motion and heat-production, the animal body requires food, of which the necessary minimum will depend upon a multitude of factors. Tissue waste and need for fuel foods are exceedingly small in the case of the brain-worker, but may reach almost incredible figures for hard manual labor. Before we criticise or presume to ration one another, these are instances of the considerations we must remember. Petrol consumption has some relation to mileage for a motor-car, and so

here. As for heat-production, its amount is largely determined by heat-loss, which is greater in winter than summer, and for a very small body, such as a child's, or for an extended lean body, each of which has a relatively large surface for heat-loss in proportion to its mass. The large body of spherical form, on the other hand, needs relatively less fuel food, since its form minimizes heat-loss. Again, the warmer the clothes we wear, the less rapidly we lose heat and the less fuel we need. An evident form of food economy, therefore, is

the adoption of abundant warm clothing and housing. This has, I believe, been very exhaustively proved in the case of feeding of stock, where it is evidently a matter of high economic importance. For ourselves, another layer of warm clothing may pay for itself, in terms of fuel food saved, in a week or two, and I shall be surprised if attention is not officially drawn to this consideration in Germany ere long.

When all these and other factors have been taken into account, the personal factor remains, and this must definitely be recognized as double, hereditary and acquired. No amount of feeding with the fattest foods will alter the contour of the razor-backed pig, and there are human persons who show the character which marks that species. Lean though they be, they may be habitual over-eaters nevertheless, just as persons whose hereditary type, badly called habit, of body is obese may be most moderate eaters, and cannot be made lean without injury to health. Here, again, you will observe, is a series of considerations which impose caution on the judgment and which make the fair and efficient rationing of a population a matter not of simple dietary tables but of impracticable complexity.

True habit, also, must be reckoned with. Careful experiment, mostly German, conducted upon animals and upon men—as in researches on the physiology of marching—has shown that the bodily engine can learn to do many more miles per unit of food than it used, but it must be taught gradually. Here, of course, we are in the presence of physiological complexities to which our experience of internal-combustion engines that are not alive offers no parallel. This is one more instance of that universal fact of life called adaptation. Give the organism a chance, by graduated methods, and

LIVING AGE, VOL. V, NO. 252.

it will go far and safely, in health, towards realizing the fable of the man who successfully reduced his donkey's diet to a straw *per diem*—when it died. The fable correctly indicates the facts of adaptation and of the limits thereto.

The foregoing paragraphs, and more, are necessary before we are in any position to think confidently of over-eating; and, even so, we have said nothing as yet of the varied chemical constitution of a dietary. But though the matter is exceedingly complex, it has its laws, many of which may be discerned. For instance, it is very intelligible that the Polar explorer should easily and eagerly consume, in one day, more fat than we, in these latitudes, could accommodate in a week without continuous nausea. Such instances help us to study over-eating and to recognize it where no evident sign of it appears, or to exclude it where its presence seems obvious.

The issue is further complicated by a very definite opposition between two schools of physiologists in respect of the protein needs of the body. The older or orthodox school, based mainly upon the researches made in Munich and Vienna in the last century, and fortified by the general practice of mankind when in the presence of abundance, is opposed by the new school, American in origin, which has gone far to show that the old estimates of our protein need were markedly excessive, and that average conformity to them means gross over-eating on the part of the population as a whole. The question is of international importance now, for if the German school be right the supplies of protein in Germany are much nearer starvation and surrender point than if the estimates of Chittenden and his school are adequate; and the physiological calculations which have been made in Germany and this country, in this

regard, entirely depend for their conclusions upon the particular set of assumptions with which the calculator began. Those who incline to follow Chittenden, who has gone far to modify the views even of such a conservative authority as Hutchison in this country, consider that the Germans used to eat far more than they needed or was good for them, and have been much less sanguine and more correct than others as to the prospect of speedy starvation for our foe. The patient may grumble, but he may profit greatly nevertheless, when his diet is cut down.

On any reasonable reckoning, the great majority of civilized men and women above the poverty line are habitual over-eaters. As they grow older and exert themselves less they need ever less food, but tend to eat no less, or even more than ever. At this season of the year, most of us do less work and eat more food than at any other. The most odious consequence is not the inevitable Nemesis of gluttony, but the deprivation of the children of the nation, whose dietary needs are relatively so high, for the three cogent reasons that they have not merely to maintain but actually to aggrandize their bodies, that they are very active and continual in movement, and that their small bodies cool more rapidly. The future of the nation is thus too often starved in order that its present shall more rapidly become its past.

Here is the assertion not merely of waste but of worse. The waste is the worst, nationally considered, but there is worse than waste for the individual. Everything that enters his body has to be accounted for. There is "conservation of matter and energy" within as without the living body. If excess enters it, that excess must either remain or be disposed of. It may remain as fat, visible under the skin,

or surrounding the heart, creeping between the muscular fibres and hampering their action. It may be disposed of, at a price, involving not merely extra work on the part of the liver and kidneys and other chemical destructors within the organism, but also the chronic presence of products of katabolism, which are toxic, and circulate as such in the blood. The first and most characteristic effect of their presence may be an habitual tightness of the arteries, which are stimulated to unnatural contraction in order to favor the removal of the poisons by the kidneys. The pressure of the blood within the circulatory system is thus raised. The heart has harder work to drive the fluid along against such pressure. The coats of the arteries, thus strained, must thicken in order to maintain themselves, but this involves the need of more blood for their own nourishment, as is the case with the hypertrophied heart. If the minute vessels that feed the heart muscle itself and the arterial coats do not increase proportionately to the need, as they may well fail to do, these hypertrophied structures will tend to degenerate. "A man is as old as his arteries." The renal arterioles will be involved, and the function of excretion will be less well discharged. A vicious circle has now been closed, to be broken, perhaps, by the bursting of a degenerate artery in the brain, and the destruction of nervous tissue upon which the movements of the limbs, or even of the heart and respiratory muscles, may depend. Short of this, the excess of food causes the victim of food-intoxication to have less, instead of more, energy at his disposal. He becomes "old" before his time, "digs his grave with his teeth," and prematurely fills it.

I have here merely outlined one interpretation of the too familiar phenomena. The reader will under-

stand that the foregoing is not set forth as established fact, but it is probably true. At any rate, the habitual presence of too high a blood-pressure in the middle-aged is a sign of such dangers as I have described, and should be dealt with most seriously. These facts are better known in the United States than here. The middle-aged man, unless indeed he be one of the exceptions at whose habits we customarily laugh, would do well to consult his doctor at intervals of not too many years, and to follow his advice, lest the small and simple eater laugh last, many a year after the "man of the world" is a man of this world no longer.

Physiological chemistry can show us, in some degree, how the excessive proteins of the diet are broken down into toxic substances very different from those, relatively harmless and quickly

excreted, which are the end products of normal and perfect protein-katabolism. The proteins, therefore, are our chief concern here, and you may guess that it is not the proteins of oatmeal or lentils that much concern us, but those proteins—themselves, like all their kind, flavorless—which are associated with highly sapid substances, most characteristic of "butcher-meat." The flavor tempts and the excess of protein kills.

The gods in the machine are very just. The man who subjects himself to a little discipline—if that old-world word may be used in these days without explanation—scores all round. He lives longer, he knows fewer headaches, biliousness is a mere rumor to him, he works harder, and plays harder, has a long life and a merry one, and makes the best of both worlds.

Lens.

THE FRENCH SCHOOLMASTER AFTER THE WAR.

France is proud, and justly so, of her national teaching staff, which achieves astonishingly brilliant results with difficult material, and against heavy odds. For teaching in the French Government schools is based wholly on moral suasion, personal influence, and skill. The use of the stick has been abolished since the Revolution. Not that the French child is superlatively docile. It is rather the other way round. Moreover, home discipline has admittedly been slack of recent years in France, especially in the industrial classes. Added to this, the obligation on parents to send their children to school is not enforced with anything like the severity that prevails in some other countries, notably Great Britain. In the rural districts, as soon as a child is big enough to hold a horse

it is quite usual for his parents to cease sending him to school, in defiance of the law. And the schoolmaster can but protest, the neglect by the parents not being punishable by either fine or imprisonment, though just before the war there was some talk of making it so.

The village schoolmaster however is an influence and a force not only with his pupils but with their parents, except in some districts, not numerous, where the pro-clerical feeling still runs very high. His value for purposes of propaganda has always been recognized by the Government, which conveys its instructions in a special bulletin addressed to him every week. Anti-Government organs, such as the pacifist *Journal du Peuple* and *Les Hommes du Jour*, also seek to influence provincial opinion by

sending free copies of their publications to the "instituteur" of every commune in France. And one wonders where the money comes from which enables them to do so.

Naturally, in the light of all the terrible lessons learned during the past two years and a half, the question is being raised, what was the schoolmaster's rôle before the war, and what will it be afterwards? No doubt socialism, and mostly of the international type, had of recent date become rife among the rank and file of the French scholastic staff, and anti-militarism was often associated with it. A very similar movement seems to have taken place in England. These two doctrines led their devotees to advertise a sympathy, which was perhaps more theoretical than practical, for Germany and German ideas, and, in particular, German pedagogic methods. In fact, so widespread had this movement become that the editor of the illustrated paper *J' ai Vu* who a short time ago opened a symposium on the subject among his readers, announced that the verdict of the great majority might be summed up in the words "On a fait de l'enseignement supérieur en France un sous-bazar de la sur-Kamelote germaine," which may be translated, "Higher education in France has been converted into a twopenny-halfpenny bazaar of German super-Trasch."

There are ample signs however that the war is changing this, and that the change will be permanent. Although the spokesmen of the pacifist party in the Chamber, the Socialists who went to Kienthal, MM. Brizon and Alexandre Blanc, and their worthy colleague, M. Sixte-Quénin, are all ex-schoolmasters, the schoolmasters of France have done their duty nobly in the war (3,000 are said to have been killed); and whatever their ideas may have been before the war broke

out, they have learned many unforgettable lessons from which their pupils cannot fail to profit when peace enables them to resume their work. I have had oral evidence to this effect from many of them.

In the meanwhile, the French Government has also decided upon a change of plan. The Ministry of Public Instruction is in the hands of M. Painlevé, who is by the same function Grand Master of the University of France; and his subordinates from the highest to the lowest are agreed as to the skill and energy which he has brought to his task and the geniality of his methods. This last trait has quickly resulted in drawing together and tightening the bonds of sympathy between the national schoolmasters of France and their administrative chief to an extent which was never known before. For one of M. Painlevé's most important reforms has been to sweep away all the old circumlocutory methods which rendered it so difficult in the past for the local schoolmasters to keep in touch with and to be brought under the constant influence of the central organization. Now, whenever a schoolmaster, however youthful he may be—and, owing to the exigencies of the war, many of them are in their teens—finds himself in any difficulty, or has any question to ask in connection with his work, his duty is to address himself to the Minister personally. And it is a very high tribute to M. Painlevé's administrative genius that a clear and cordial reply is given by return of post. The encouraging effect of this paternal method, in which M. Painlevé is ably assisted by the Director of Public Education, M. Lapie, and its superiority over the former "hierarchical" system based on the slow filtration of all correspondence through countless offices, have already become fully evident.

With regard to the educational methods in themselves, an entirely new moral principle is being introduced; and this, no doubt, will turn out to be the most important and radical reform of all. Instructions have been issued by M. Painlevé to all the schoolmasters of France that in future the principles of morality are to be instilled into the minds of the pupils not as hitherto from the point of view of their individual interest solely, but also from that of the national interest. For instance, it will be taught that honesty imposes itself on the conduct of each person not only because of its intrinsic apart from its moral value, but also as a duty owed to the collectivity, to the motherland. Its importance will be shown to be intimately concerned with the prosperity and the vitality of the race as a whole. In brief, the road to patriotism will be shown to lie through ethics. And to have unduly neglected the cult of patriotism is now recognized as the great blunder of the past.

The value of collective effort is to be constantly insisted on. It is to M. Léon Bourgeois, himself formerly Minister of Public Instruction, that the first suggestion of this reform is to be traced, and it is founded on the theory which he long ago propounded, that collective effort multiplies force progressively, that the work of ten men working together with an object in view is greater than the added sum of the work of ten men working with a similar object but separately.

The Outlook.

The pupil is to be taught that every task that he performs satisfactorily is not only an aid to his own career in life, but will add to the collective strength and well-being of his fellow-countrymen. And it is in this collective spirit, and recognizing the multiple force resulting from his effort, that he should work. The advantage to the nation at large must be held up to him not only as the final, but as the most important, aim of his moral and intellectual development.

Kant admitted that the French conceived the idea that every member of a State must be not only a means but an end, and "whilst helping forward the realization of the whole, must be in his place and his functions determined by the idea of the whole." And it was to this that the French originally gave the name of *organization*. The new doctrine of education to be promulgated throughout French schools is clearly on the same lines. It is also inspired and may have been in a measure suggested by the new ideal of collective action popularized among French youth by the introduction of football—the playing not for the individual but for the team. And clearly the general tendency of the reform will be to supplant the narrow class collectivism, of which French socialism, even when it pretended to be international, was composed before the war, the futility of which the war has so fully proved, in favor of a larger and saner collectivism, for which patriotism is but another name.

Rowland Strong.

THE GERMAN MENACE TO NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.

Will America's next great war be over the Monroe Doctrine?

The basic cause of most great wars

has been the desire to control sources of the necessities of life. Really great leaders of nations know that

he who can control the food of the world can make all men his slaves.

Some parts of the Old World are already fully populated; other parts are infertile or inclement; some parts, again, are held by Powers so strong that attempt to seize them would be unprofitable. The occupation of parts of France and of Belgium, for instance, has already involved a cost frightful beyond the wildest dreams of three years ago.

South America spreads wide under equatorial skies, and narrows almost evenly as it approaches the cold Antarctic; therefore the two vast oceans temper the winds, so that the country has no such long months of ice as are common at a corresponding latitude in North America. The major part of South America will thus become the most productive area of its size in any quarter of the globe. Two of the largest river systems of the world afford easy access from the Atlantic to nearly every part of this rich field. Other large streams reach far into the continent. Together these waterways make easy and inexpensive the marketing of products of most of the countries there without the cost of constructing and maintaining great railway systems. This field has been, naturally, a great temptation to European Powers. A compact these Powers made a hundred years ago led the republics of the New World to bind themselves together to resist such encroachment. The declaration of the purpose of this compact is known as the Monroe Doctrine, which embodies the principle of non-interference with South American Governments by any European Power. Such interference would be regarded as an unfriendly act by the United States. Despite this announcement, European empire builders and European monarchies have from time to time tried to wrest

parts of their territory from South American nations.

The American attitude is: "We should be glad to have the friendship of all other peoples, and their trade if they will give it on fair terms. What we don't want is to manage their affairs for them, or for them to interfere in ours." That the American people really adhere to such a principle is shown by their refusal to take any part of Cuba in return for freeing the island from control by Spain; or to accept payment in any form for helping to induce European Powers to abandon claims to the territory of Honduras, Nicaragua, Colombia, of Venezuela and islands of the Antilles; or to occupy permanently any part of Mexico, great as the provocation has been to do so.

While the Americans gave such proof of aversion to conquest of other states, the people of Great Britain seem to have been approaching a like feeling, if a majority of them had not reached it, before the present war began. If they are of that mind they are far in advance of millions of their near neighbors.

When the most tremendous of all wars is at an end, the world may then be so tired of war that the millions of armed men will be restored to peaceful work. But what assurance have we that none of the warring Powers will not turn their ready forces to seizing possessions that would compensate for losses the war has already brought to them? America has such possessions, perhaps the most tempting ever known. What Power is most likely to attempt to seize them? Russia has always shown a most friendly feeling toward the United States, even when American popular sentiment appeared to be favorable to Japan, mainly because the island nation was thought to be the weaker of the two. But Russia has area and natural

resources enough to give profitable employment to her people for centuries. She needs no more territory. France also has been always the steadfast friend of America. She has sufficient territory to give new homes and employment to her surplus population for generations. Moreover, racial sympathies have made the French and the Italians most welcome to Latin-America, and they have ever been welcomed to the United States. Spain and Portugal, for linguistic and traditional reasons, send emigrants freely to South and Central America, and in addition they have possessions of their own in Africa to absorb their capital, energy, and people. Belgium, with a great colony in Central Africa to develop, has no wish or inducement to go farther afield. Japan may have more urgent need than has any other Old World Power for additional room for expansion; but China, Korea, and other parts of Asia seem to offer a vast field in which the Japanese interests may expand peacefully, and with far more profit than any attempt against America would probably give.

We have been told that British statesmen inspired the Monroe Doctrine. Great Britain has respected it, even when zealous empire builders violated the doctrine. The people of Great Britain and of the United States have long been in agreement on the basic principles of the rights of humanity, on ideals of honor, and on the essentials of government. They are also in agreement on questions of world policy. This may account in part for the hatred toward the Americans shown by so many Germans—hatred second only to that expressed toward the British. It may be contended that they have more than once given cause for this feeling. Americans "called the bluff" of the German squadron at Manila. Americans checkmated German intrigues for seizing Haiti and

Santo Domingo. American and British influence prevented Germans from monopolizing the Orinoco River. Americans kept Zelaya from delivering to Germans the railroads and the canal zone of Nicaragua. American influence deterred Costa Rica from granting to Germans a canal zone parallel and close to that of Nicaragua. Americans kept Germany from taking the Isla Margarita from Venezuela. Americans cut off the German trade in munitions for Huerta of Mexico, and arrested Germans for furnishing munitions to rebel factions in northern Mexico. Americans have been ready to supply munitions to the Allies—supplies that Germany found herself unable to carry home for her own use against those Allies because of their command of the sea. America denounced the use of submarines against unarmed non-combatants, men, women, and children, as too frightful for any but the lowest savages.

For years the Germans have complained that the Americans uphold a dog-in-the-manger policy; that they will neither take possession of Latin-American countries themselves nor let others do so. To this extent the Americans may have kept Germany from "taking her place in the sun" of tropical America. So bitterness of feeling against the American nation was strengthened. An idea of the intensity of this hatred may be got from the fact that it caused war to be made treacherously on unarmed workers in shops well within the territory of the United States while the country was at peace with Germany, was giving shelter to millions of Germans, including the cowards who thus blew up men, women, and children, and guaranteeing to the Germans freedom to live and do any lawful business in the United States. It may be that the German Empire is not responsible for any of these acts of treachery and

murder. It may not be responsible for declarations like that attributed to a professor of a public school of New York, to the effect that "if war comes because the American Government demands that we stop using our U-boats, our most effective weapon, we Germans in New York will destroy the city! Enough of us here are ready to do it in a day!"

In relation to probable raids on the territorial and other rights of the New World, evidence volunteered by Germans of high standing in the employ of the Empire is abundant and conclusive. One of these witnesses, Baron von Stengel, an authority on international law and a professor of the University of Munich, is reported to have written lately to the Dutch Pacifist League: "The whole course of this war up to the present has shown that we Germans have been chosen by Providence, from among all other peoples, to march at the head of all civilized nations, and lead them, under our protection, toward assured peace; for we have not only the power and force necessary for this mission, but we possess the spiritual gifts also to the highest degree; and in all creation it is we who constitute the crown of civilization. Therefore it is superfluous to discuss pacifist plans of any nature. The nations, and especially the neutral nations, have only one means for leading a profitable existence. It is to submit to our guidance, which is superior from every point of view." Was not that warning directed to all New World nations, and expressly and particularly to the United States?

As to designs against the peace of these nations, Professor William Romaine Newbold, of the University of Pennsylvania, has written about revelations by an Austrian army officer with whom he became well acquainted. This officer told the

professor that the conquest of the United States and Canada was scheduled for the near future. "He thought that I myself, then about forty-six years old, would live to see this conquest completed, and the English language stamped out in North America. There existed a strong organization of Germans throughout the North American continent, the object of which was to keep alive German *Kultur* and allegiance, and to stab us in the back when the attack upon the country was made."

Perhaps, naturally, Professor Newbold was amused by these predictions, as showing fanatical faith in Prussian mightiness. He so described them to a German "who had long been in the diplomatic service, so I was told, who spoke English as well as I did, and was thoroughly conversant with American conditions, having been long in Washington. I told him something of Lieutenant ——'s ideas, as an illustration of the extremes to which patriotism, when not regulated by intelligence, would carry a man. To my surprise, he replied in effect, 'I see nothing extravagant in all that. Nothing counts nowadays except brains. We Germans have them, and the rest of you haven't. I don't say that we shall conquer the entire earth; but I do say that we shall conquer as much of it as we please, and you can't prevent it. Try it if you dare!'"

Were we to ignore these and similar warnings, we of the Western World might be as astoundingly stupid as we think the Germans were foolish to utter them. We might think that no sane person would so betray such designs had we not seen General von Bernhardt's book, and read other utterances to the same effect by eminent Germans. Americans can no longer smilingly regard these as mere "bluff" because they appear to be too insane to be taken seriously.

News of the day indicates that the war losses of the Teuton Powers have been prodigious, and the end is not in sight. German industries have been deranged, her artisans scattered, crippled, or killed. Her foreign commerce, built up at the cost of years of admirable thoroughness and diligence, has been almost wholly destroyed. The road to her expansion in the East has been blocked, and it seems likely that, convinced that Germany is as a rabid wolf to the rights of humanity and civilization, the Entente Powers will carefully maintain all useful barriers.

This New World offers the most tempting of all fields for early and easy looting, and for later and lasting exploitation. Here lies ready the greatest booty ever known; and we ourselves have loudly declared that we are unprepared to protect it. And in this New World the Prussian oligarchy might build, easily and quickly, a nation that could feed the world for a thousand years; that could become so rich and powerful that it could master all mankind. The purpose to do this was no doubt behind the German preparations that were carried on for years. It was one of the most magnificent of all human dreams. Part of these preparations was the planting and the cultivation of anti-American sentiment throughout Latin-America. There the cry "Yankee imperialism," like the yell "Stop thief!" was raised on every occasion to avert attention from the real robbers, to prevent the Latin-Americans from seeing German preparations for seizing their territory. That propaganda served other purposes also. It paid its own way by turning trade from North Americans to Germans. At the same time it gratified the Teuton hatred of the Yankee. It was intended to induce the Latin-Americans to fight against

the Colossus of the North when the day would come for breaking down the Monroe Doctrine and parceling out South American territory.

Latin-America appeared to be quite ignorant of schemes for encroachment on its sovereign rights. This may have been because many a truth is known that cannot be demonstrated to the satisfaction of a court bound by rigid rules of evidence; many a truth is unpublished because the source of information must not be exposed; many a fact of living interest to a nation remains unrevealed because diplomacy requires silence. Nevertheless, soon after the beginning of the European war, warning to America was voiced by the Brazilian Minister at Paris. He declared bluntly that the greatest of dangers threatening Latin-America lay in German designs. Early in June 1915 his assertion was verified by the discovery of large deposits of arms and munitions secreted in the province of Santa Catharina, Brazil; and with them were discovered full plans for seizure of that province by the Germans settled there.

If Britain had not intervened as she did, and Germany had crushed Belgium and France, as Bernhardt prophesied, Germany would have menaced England across a narrow channel, and would have had a short and open road to North America, and through France a direct and short way to the Mediterranean, to the Caribbean, and to the South Atlantic. Had she cared to disguise her plans, German squadrons might have sailed "on friendly visits to friendly countries," after the precedent set by an American administration. To honor fitly the two greatest American republics, a powerful squadron might have appeared at New York, while a number of cruisers might have gone to Rio de Janeiro. A single ship of that squadron to the south might have been

enough, in the German view, to do the honors at Buenos Aires, while another might have sailed farther south. At that opportune moment the Germans in southern Brazil, or in Paraguay, in Uruguay, or even in Argentina, might have uncovered their arms and their scheme. They might have declared that a new Government was established and appealed to Germany, the mother country, for recognition. Had these quite possible things happened, what probable combination among the Latin-Americans could have driven the invader out? What could have prevented the Germans from seizing one small republic after another? What European Power would have had inducement enough to join the United States to prevent this? Would not European prejudices, and political, financial, and industrial interests, have tended strongly to lead some such Powers to join the invader in hope of sharing the spoils?

Had Germany so seized part of South America, while a powerful squadron menaced New York City, and hundreds of thousands of Germans in big American cities formed a grave internal danger, Washington would have had to sacrifice either peace or the Monroe Doctrine. The Government would have been urged by one party instantly to fly to arms to rescue a distant nation from annihilation, while another party implored them to declare neutrality and save their own cities from Prussian frightfulness by making known that the Monroe Doctrine was obsolete.

Eminent Germans long, diligently, and ably taught the dogma that the wishes and the welfare of the individual must be sacrificed to the State, whenever and however required. It is said that many Germans sought homes in the United States to avoid submitting to this doctrine. But possibly humanity might in time

come to accept this dogma were there reason for believing that any ruler of any state would be fit to decide when, and how, to what extent, and by whom, such sacrifices should be made; or that any such ruler would be superman enough never to demand sacrifice for his own benefit. Often and by various witnesses the world has been informed that many a royal head has been unsound; even that a number of the crowned heads of the world have been too insane to be allowed to go about at will. The world has been told that many members of royal families have been degenerate descendants of the drunken and the vicious, of diseased and debased rulers whose weaknesses, vices, and physical deformities have been perpetuated and increased by inbreeding. Was not the Kaiser's decision that *Der Tag* was come an evidence that he was mentally unsound? Was the sanity of the Kaiser and his councilors demonstrated by their blundering belief in easy victory over France, over Russia, and perhaps over Britain? Whether they were sane or not, they decided that the time had come for demanding such sacrifice of the individual for the State; and the Kaiser is the German State. As a natural consequence of Prussian *Kultur*, the property, the health, and the lives of millions of his people, and those of his Allies, have been destroyed because the working of wrongly developed brain-cells of a single man, or at most a small group of men of the same stamp, decided that the time was ripe for imposing their will upon all the rest of humanity. This working of mis-trained minds has already cost the rest of the world enormously, and no one knows how prodigiously greater this cost may become.

Since last year's campaign drove into even German consciousness the truth that the Empire cannot hope for

victory, eminent German agents have been denying that Prussian *Kultur* was to be imposed by armed conquest upon all the rest of mankind. Nevertheless, the late Professor Münsterberg, of Harvard University, declared, as lately as 26th October 1916, that "whatever the great diplomats may settle upon after the war, the one great change will be that German *Kultur* will conquer the globe; that German *Kultur* will spread to all the countries of the world." He added: "The German ideal is not individual, but works in the service for the ideals of the whole State. The individual subordinates himself to the works of the whole State. That idea has taken hold on our nation, and it must grow all over the world. No nation will be able to play a rôle in the great drama after this war without it. And that is exactly what the Germans mean today by the term "German *Kultur*."

This may be accepted as an assertion that armed conquest of the world was not, or is not, the design of Germany. It may with at least as good reason be taken as a reiteration of the old statements of such design: that the Prussian slogan, *Deutschland über Alles*, means all it says—Germany over all; that Prussian *Kultur*—the extreme opposite of that democracy toward which mankind has struggled through centuries—was to be forced upon all humanity. Its logical, inevitable result would be slavery for all human beings excepting one ruler by the divine right of kings.

None can fairly object to being judged by their own acts and words, and the words and deeds of the
Chambers's Journal.

German people warrant the assertion that they accept Prussian *Kultur*. What that means may be judged from these emulators of the Hun, Goth, and Vandal; by the treatment accorded by the ruling classes of Germany to their own people; by the savage "frightfulness" of their recent war on defenseless men, women, and children, even when these were neutral, if they were not actually friendly to the Germans. Their words and deeds show that they have long worked, and are even now working, to carry Prussian *Kultur* and slavery to America. Their record warrants the charge that Prussian *Kultur* in the New World would surpass in "frightfulness" and savagery the worst rule by the Conquistadores in Spanish-America.

Why should not the prussian oligarchy strive to save itself by plundering another nation or nations? By this means it might satisfy its own people by material and immediate booty, and with the belief that the mastery of the world would be given to them. Accumulated riches in the United States, and the ability of the American people to pay a prodigious, an utterly unparalleled, ransom, would make them the most tempting victims ever known. But South America could be conquered much more easily, and offers a field that is potentially greater than is North America. Conquest of South America would in time bring realization of the dreams of the Prussians. It would make them masters of the world. Surely it is more than probable that they will attempt this conquest, unless they are convinced that such an attempt will be hopeless.

Edward Perry.

A TURNING POINT IN HISTORY.

An event of measureless importance has happened in the history of man-

kind. Whatever may be the immediate consequences of the breach of

diplomatic relations between America and Germany, the act of President Wilson opens a new chapter for the New World and for the Old. For the first time since they became a Great Power, the United States have directly intervened in a great European war. America may, or may not, be forced to draw the sword herself. That issue now lies in the hands of Germany. A few hours or days will show whether she will obey the dictates of prudence or those of insolence and of despair. But, be her decision what it may, her threat to fling aside the last pretense at legality in the conduct of her maritime war has compelled America to adopt a course pregnant with untold results hereafter. Thoughtful observers on both sides of the Atlantic have long foreseen that sooner or later America would feel the call to take her due place on the larger questions of principle which are at the foundation of world-politics. The arrogant lawlessness of Germany has now driven her to manifest her readiness to champion international right with the full strength of her vast resources. The President has carried the whole Union with him. At no time can we recall so universal and so enthusiastic an outburst of American opinion. The nation has indeed "found itself," under the shock of the German threat and amidst the approval aroused by Mr. Wilson's reply. All parties and all sections of opinion support him, and all loudly proclaim that they will follow him in any action he may be obliged to take. The Press from one end of the Republic to the other, without respect of politics, re-echoes the applause with which the distinguished audience in Congress hailed his simple and vigorous statement. The American people do not want war, and Mr. Wilson has made it abundantly plain in his speech that

war remains as hateful to him as ever. But they adhere firmly to the views which he expressed in speeches he made just a year ago. There is something, he then said, which they love better than peace, and that is the principles on which their political life is founded. He warned them that the time might come when it might become impossible for him both to keep them out of the war and to keep the national honor unstained. They are resolved to keep that honor unstained—as resolved as our own people showed themselves when Germany bade us to condone the overrunning of Belgium. And, now that the President has taken action, we may, without impertinence or fear of misconception, say how entirely the English peoples will concur in his contention that no course but the course he has chosen would have become the honor of a great nation. "I can do nothing less," he declares, and so plain and imperious does the voice of honor and of right appear to him that he "takes it for granted that all neutral Governments will take the same course." The circumstances of other neutrals differ from those of the great Republic and differ amongst themselves, but we are confident that in their hearts they will approve the President's action not less warmly than do his countrymen.

It is unnecessary to reconsider Mr. Wilson's arguments in detail. They are firmly based upon his former diplomatic correspondence with Germany, and we have recorded our hearty agreement in them, as they were advanced and repeated in his Notes. He has protested all along that the policy of sinking merchant ships and liners indiscriminately and at sight is an inhuman and flagrant violation, not merely of the letter of international law, but of the fundamental principles of humanity upon which it is founded.

Germany gave him assurances which seemed to secure the abandonment of this atrocity. Now she tells him bluntly that she intends to practise it on a far larger scale than ever. The exception which she offers in favor of a single American ship to England per week only adds to the grossness of the indignity. Mr. Wilson still cherishes the hope that Germany may shrink from the actual perpetration of the crimes which she threatens to commit upon the citizens of a friendly and neutral Power. He still hopes that Austria may not join her ally in the profession of naked lawlessness, and that her representative may remain at Washington, where his services might be useful, it is thought, not only for safeguarding the services which America has hitherto rendered to the victims of Germany in Belgium and to prisoners of war in Germany, but also for doing good in other ways.

The Times.

The President's desire to avoid war is widely shared, but confessedly it is not a confident hope. Can the party of Prussian "militarism" afford to renounce at the summons of America the program which they have haughtily proclaimed amidst the unstinted applause of their supporters? Would the "Prussian military idol," as Mr. Lloyd George calls it, bear the shock of this public overthrow? If Germany does not draw back, the armed intervention of America becomes certain. We shall not now speculate either upon that event or upon its probable effects, on the struggle. The supremely momentous fact to which we confine our attention today is that, by the severance of diplomatic relations with Berlin, America, the greatest of all neutrals, has taken a definite stand against the spirit of barbarism which has animated Germany's whole conduct of the war.

THE TIPINBANOLA.

"There," I said, "you've interrupted me again."

"Tut tut," said Francesca.

"And the dogs are barking," I said, "and the guinea-hens are squawking."

"I daresay," she said; "but you can't hear the guinea-hens; they're much too far away."

"Yes, but I know they're squawking—they always are—and for a sensitive highly-strung man it's the same thing."

"Tut-t——"

"Tut me no more of your tuts, Francesca," I said, "for I am engaged in a most complicated and difficult arithmetical calculation."

"If," said Francesca deliberately, "two men in corduroys, with straps below their knees, and a boy in flannel shorts, all working seven hours and a

half per day for a week, can plant five thousand potatoes on an acre of land, how many girls in knickerbockers will be required to——"

"Stop, Francesca," I said, "or I shall go mad."

"If," she continued inexorably, "a train traveling at the rate of sixty-two miles and three-quarters in an hour takes two and a half seconds to pass a lame man walking in the same direction, find how many men with one arm each can board a motor-bus in Piccadilly Circus, having first extracted the square root of the wheel-base."

"Stow it," I said.

"Isn't that rude?" she said.

"Yes," I said; "it was intended to be."

"Well, but what are you doing?"

"I'm calculating rates of percentage on the new War Loan," I said.

"Why worry over that?" she said. "It announces itself as a five-percenter, and I'm willing to take it at its word. What's your difficulty? Surely you do not impute prevarication to the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"No," I said, "far from it. I have the greatest possible respect for him. I'm sure he would not deceive a poor investor; but he doesn't know my difficulties. It's this getting £100 by paying only £95 that's knocking me sideways; and then there's the income tax, and the other loan at four per cent, on which no income tax is to be charged, and the conversion of the old four-and-a-half per cent War Loan, and of the various lots of Exchequer Bonds. It's all as generous as it can be, but for a man whose mathematical education has been, shall we say, defective, it's as bad as a barbed-wire entanglement."

"Oh, don't muddle your unfortunate head any more. Just plank down your money and take what they give you. That's my motto."

"No doubt," I said; "that's all very well for you. You aren't the head of the household, with all its cares depending on you. Heads of households ought to know their exact position."

"Well, then, heads of households ought to have learned their arithmetic better and remembered more of it. The children and I haven't allowed ourselves to be hindered by little obstacles of that kind."

"What," I said, "are you and the children in it too?"

"Yes, we're all in it. I've put in the spare money from the house-keeping——"

"I always knew you got too much."

"And the children have chipped in with their savings."

"Savings?" I said. "How have they got any savings?"

"Presents from affectionate god-mothers and aunts, which were put into the Post Office Savings Bank. They're all out now and into the Loan—all, that is, except Frederick's little all."

"And what's happened to that?"

"That's put into War Certificates. It was his own idea. He was fascinated by the poster, and insisted that his money should go in the purchase of cartridges, so there it is."

"And at the end of five years he'll get back £1 for every 15s. 6d. he's put in."

"Yes, he'll get £5. He made a lot of difficulty about that."

"You don't mean to say he jibbed about getting his money back?"

"That's precisely what did happen. He said he'd given the money for cartridge buying, and how could he take it back with a bit extra after the cartridges had been bought. He's really rather annoyed about it."

"I shall tell him," I said, "not to let it worry him, and shall explain to him how much *per cent* he's getting *per annum*."

"You'll have to work it out yourself first of all," she said, "and I know you can't do that. And, by the way, you may as well be ready for him; he's going to ask you if he may join the Army as a drummer-boy."

"What on earth's put that into his head?"

"He's been talking to the Sergeant-Major, and he's invented a musical instrument of his own. It's made out of a cardboard box, some pins and two or three elastic bands. There it is—you'll find its name inscribed on it."

I took it up and saw inscribed upon it in large penciled letters this strange device: "The Tipinbanola; made for soldiers only."

"Francesca," I said, "it's a superb name. Where did he get it from?"

"Out of his head," she said.

"I wonder," I said, "if he keeps any arithmetic there?"

"Ask him; I'm sure he'd be proud to help you."

"No," I said, "I must plough my weary furrow alone."

Punch.

"And the guinea-hens," she said, "are still squawking."

"Yes," I said, "isn't it awful?"

"I'll go and stop them," she said.

"It's no good," I said, "I shan't hear them stop."

R. C. Lehmann.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

There is a charming blend of humor and seriousness in the nine essays which make up Henry Dwight Sedgwick's "An Apology for Old Maids and Other Essays" (The Macmillan Company). The title-essay is an alluring one, but scarcely less so, though more serious, are those On Being Ill, The Religion of the Past, The House of Sorrow, and De Senectute. Books of essays do not figure nowadays among the "Best Sellers," as Owen Wister suggests in his appreciative Preface, but they ought to, if they were all of so delightful a quality as this. The "man in the street" may not be reached by this book, but readers who appreciate thoughts that are worth while and a style that is both limpid and forceful will find pleasure in every page.

Turning the charming pages of Robert Swain Peabody's "Hospital Sketches" (Houghton Mifflin Company) and passing from drawing after drawing through its representations of scenes placed now at Upthorpe-cum-Regis, and then at Ranconezzo, or at Rocher-St.-Pol or at Aeginassos, it is difficult to realize that these are not real scenes in real places but the creations of the imagination of a patient passing weary days at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. From the roof terrace of the Hospital, watching "the ever-changing pageant of fleeting clouds and blue sky and blazing sunsets," Mr. Peabody, as he explains in his Introduction, had unexpectedly through the rifts views of strange lands and fair cities which he had never be-

fore seen or heard of. It is these views which he reproduces in these drawings. He has given names to the lands and cities, and to the roads and hills and buildings which his fancy saw in them, and he has scattered through the drawings bits of prose and verse, selected from many sources, which are appropriate to them. The drawings are exquisitely beautiful,—not less so for having been made in bed or wheel chair. In his Introduction, Mr. Peabody meditates upon the resemblance between life in a hospital and that in a great monastery, and considers the significance and the mystery of Pain.

Robert Southey's "Life of Nelson," one of the classics of English biography, is published by Houghton Mifflin Company in a new edition, decorated with eighteen full page illustrations in color and numerous smaller illustrations in black and white, all of them by A. D. McCormick. An introduction is contributed by Henry Newbolt who, in editing the work, has made no additions or changes in the text, but suggests a few corrections of detail. The biography is more than a century old, but, in this new and attractive dress, it will find many readers who will follow its narrative of heroic deeds with the more interest because modern conditions of sea-fighting have changed so greatly since Nelson's day, while the qualities of courage, clear vision and swift decision remain always the same.

A. Neely Hall, who, in widely-varied and copiously-illustrated volumes, has proved himself a past master of the art of devising diverting handicraft books for boys, follows them now with a book of "Handicraft for Handy Girls," in which Dorothy Perkins has collaborated. The result is a stout and attractive book of four hundred pages, decorated with more than seven hundred pictures, which will afford almost endless diversion to any ingenious and versatile girl, who is happy enough to come into possession of it. It is adapted to girls of different ages and degrees of efficiency and shows them how to do little bits of carpentry, how to make dolls, baskets, bird houses, furniture, pottery, and wooden and cardboard gifts, how to paint china, and how to have rollicking good times at Hallowe'en and at Christmas, on vacations and in girls' camps. The book will brighten and diversify both indoor and outdoor life. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

An Englishman, F. J. Foakes Jackson, delivered a course of Lowell Lectures in 1916 on the subject "Social Life in England 1750-1850," illustrating his theme from books known and unknown. These lectures, now published by the Macmillan Company, begin with a racy chapter for which Mr. Jackson uses the journal of John Wesley (it is most disconcerting to hear that dignified character called "Jack") and goes on to a delicious review of the life and works of Crabbe the poet. His sketch of Margaret Catchpole, smuggler and jailbird, presents a scarcely-heard-of figure; but his next authorities, Gunning, Creevey, Dickens, Thackeray—all treated with illuminating erudition—are familiar. The book ends with a chapter on "Sport and Rural England" the material for which comes from "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," a lively novel of the time. His Eng-

lish has a firm, sure touch, but a delicate lightness fitted to the subject. There is much learning, not ostentatious.

As no adequate translation of Ibsen's immortal work "Brand" has appeared in English up to now, Miles M. Dawson, already known to the public by some charming volumes of poems, has undertaken the task. His book is called merely "Brand," and the translation follows the original metres of the tragedy. The translator states that he had the approval of Ibsen at the start and has been twenty-five years about his pleasant work. He has attempted to reproduce the "simplicity and directness" of the original and, in a measure, he succeeds; though the fact that he constantly uses the inversions and poetical licenses against which Ibsen was the first to thunder, slightly mars his book. Outside of that technical imperfection his poetry is excellent. The Four Seas Company.

No more vivid picture of the great war has yet come to America than the little book of Henry Sheahan, entitled "A Volunteer Poilu." Mr. Sheahan spent nearly a year close to Verdun, serving in the field with the American Ambulance and as he is the son of a French mother and speaks that language "like a native," he had unusual advantages for comprehending the situation. His book is a study of the French soldier in realistic colors. He has an extraordinary eye for the tints of the changing year, the steely purple mist of the tangled wires, the crash of the opposing forces. He tells many horrible things, simply and directly; but his account is fair, clear-cut, full of accurate detail. He is exceedingly just to the Germans. No one has given a more picturesque view of the gaiety and heroism with which the soldiers in the field go to their daily work. It is an absorbing book. Houghton Mifflin Company.